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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

SEPTEMBER 1916

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The Shadow-Line (I.)	**Joseph Conrad**
The Word	**Caradoc Evans**
Transport Reform (I.)	**Alfred Warwick Gattie**

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

John Bull and His Irish Yoke	**Austin Harrison**
The Pan-German Scheme (II.)	**Custos**
The Truth About the Blockade	**Outis**
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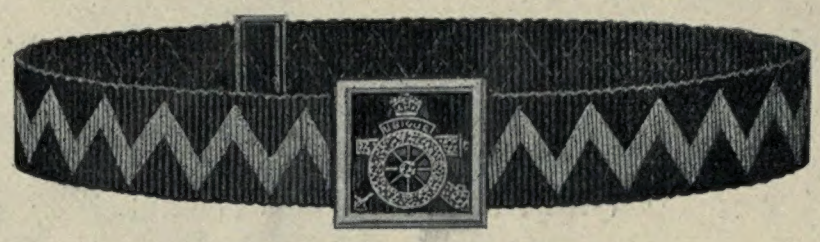
¶ All women are sentimentalists at heart, although many of them will not admit it. It is women who remember birthdays and anniversaries, who treasure gifts and keep letters and faded flowers. Now that all men are soldiers their gifts have greater meaning, and women have therefore set the fashion by demanding badge jewellery in various forms. Indeed, it is practically the only kind of decoration worn, and nothing could be more attractive or more appropriate. Hitherto, the favourite form of badge jewellery has been a brooch, but the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of 112 Regent Street, W., have designed a delightful novelty in badge jewellery which is certain to rival the brooch in popularity. It is a bracelet of ribbon in the colours of the regiment,



with the badge of fine diamonds and enamel. The Royal Engineers' badge on the red ribbon is a charming example of tasteful and delicate workmanship, and every other regiment has its own particular appeal. The illustration of the R.F.A. badge on regimental ribbon is convincing proof that this novelty is very well worth its price of five guineas, and the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company are already inundated with orders for their latest expression of choice badge jewellery. The diamond initial on black moire ribbon—its forerunner—has been, and still is, immensely popular. The price varies according to the lettering.

Hats for the "Fall"

¶ "Fall" fashions, as our American cousins say, are some compensation for the passing of summer. The hats especially are quite captivating, and nowhere is there a more attractive and really representative selection of autumn modes in millinery than at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's, of Vere Street and Oxford Street. There is the smart hat for the smart woman, the picturesque or simple style for the young girl, and the right kind for a matron—who does not aim at extreme in fashion. Everyone's individual taste in hats has been carefully studied, and moderate prices are general. The new chenille hats are very charming, at 49s. 6d., ideal for sports or morning wear in town, and made in really lovely colours. A sailor shape in velour at the same price, ribbon-trimmed and hand-embroidered, is very smart, and splendid value is offered in a good velour hat at one guinea. There are some fascinating hats in Duvetyn, quite plain, with coloured stitchery by way of ornamentation, and there are hats of embroidered gabardine to wear with tailor suits. Jersey hats in silk and wool, with hand embroidered trimmings, have been specially designed for wear with the new jersey sports suits, and the big panne sailor hats, at 45s. 9d., in all colours, are unquestionably among the smartest things in millinery this season. The highwayman hat—in black velvet and in coloured Duvetyn—is another "fetching" novelty to wear with the coat with capes. A soft felt hat with wool pompoms and stitching, at 39s. 6d., in all colours, is useful and smart, and there are, of course, models of the picturesque order; but the prevailing note of the autumn millinery is plainness and smartness.

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Help Poland

¶ Though it may tax us to the uttermost, we have our part to play in the Great War drama. We do not share the honour of the first line trenches with our soldiers, but we must be worthy of them at home. No cry of a starving refugee must fall on deaf ears. The cry of Poland is a very bitter one: it is a long way off, but it is clear, and we can hear it quite plainly. There is no greater tragedy in this war than the devastation of Poland. Imagine for a moment what it would mean if England had been so devastated and if her people were broken and starving—if those formerly well-to-do were waiting their turn for a daily ration of soup. It is so in Poland, where women with children in their arms have walked hundreds of miles to escape the horrors of German invasion. Thousands are living in trucks and sleeping in railway stations. The Great Britain to Poland Fund is already doing magnificent work, feeding the hungry and homeless—over 5,000 every day. By helping we shall not only be obeying the Divine command: "Inasmuch," but we shall be forging a still deeper chain of friendship with the great Russians who are giving millions of money and all the energy and time which can be spared from fighting. The Great Britain to Poland Relief Fund, with which is associated the British Moscow, established under the Russian Red Cross, has relieved distress in Russia and Poland for over twelve months—it is going on doing it. In our gratitude that England has escaped a like fate we must add this to our many responsibilities and cheerfully answer the call of help from Poland.

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Smart Autumn Coats

¶ Coats have become very general for autumn and winter wear, for coats are now regarded as really smart, not just as weather-proof coverings to coats and skirts. The new models for the autumn seen at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street, make one desire a long life for the present full styles, for the grace with which they hang, and the smartness of their cut cannot be improved upon. The long coat of to-day is really little more than three-quarter length, and even then it covers the short skirt. This again adds to its attractiveness. All the smartest new models are

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"Pay, Pay, Pay"

¶ Many of us remember the Boer war song and the Kipling appeal—"Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay, pay, pay." That hat must be kept full to the brim now, for the need is greater and no one dare be deaf to the needs of the soldiers. The appeals for help are many, but they must not be made in vain. The work of the Y.M.C.A. has been one of the many wonderful things of the war, and the Y.M.C.A. wants help—there is urgent need for at least another twenty buildings immediately behind the firing-line in France. Readers can help in this by providing money for a complete building, which is to be known as the "English Review" Hut. If 500 readers would each give £1 the hut would be erected and equipped immediately in the rear of the fighting line. It is a very small sum to ask, and no doubt all will be glad to share the cost of providing such a rest camp for men who are giving all for their country.

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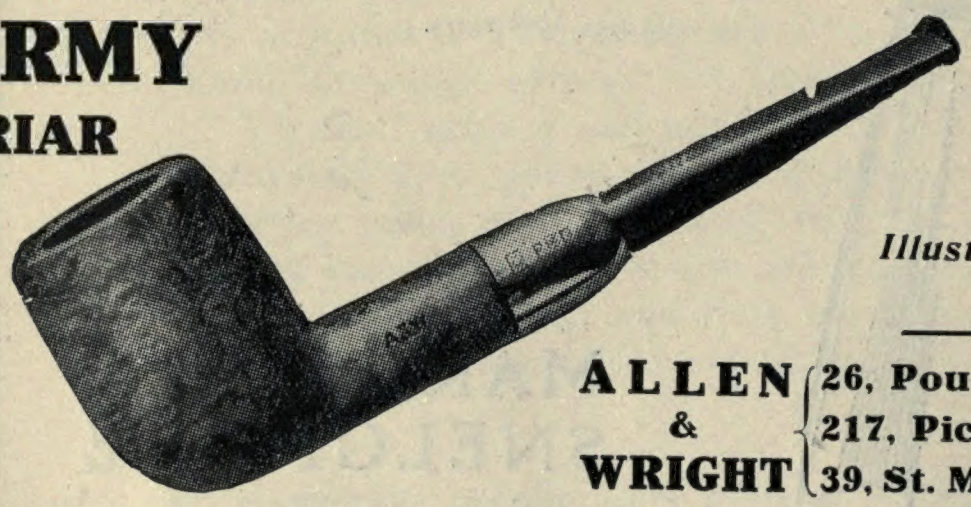

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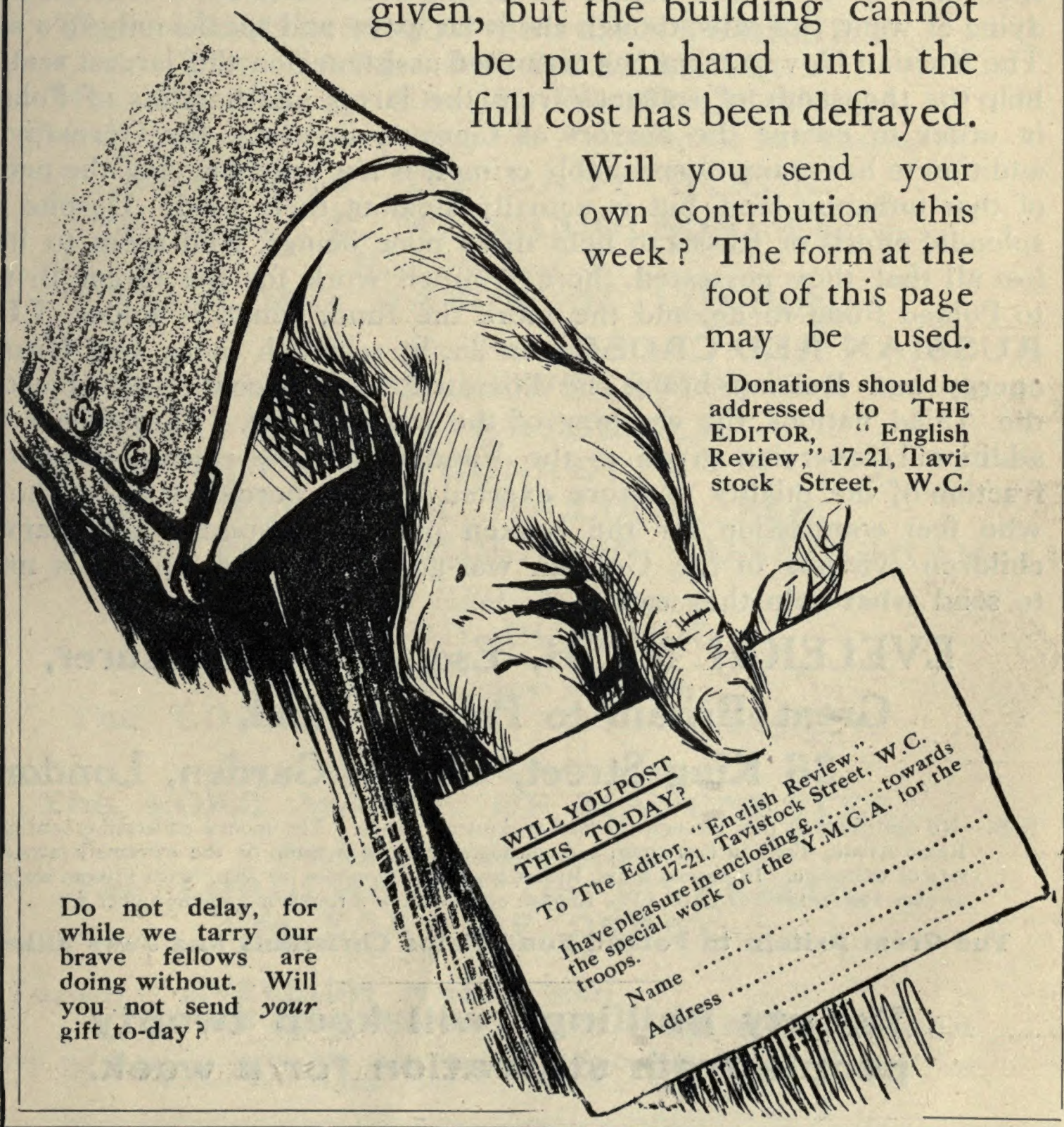
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Poland has been cruelly wounded ; but her enemies can never kill her soul ; and to us whose homes have not been violated, or our children dying of want, she calls, though she is far away and speaks only in a sigh. The Russian Government has organised assistance on the largest scale to help the thousands of refugees from the farms and hamlets of Poland, in order to escape the horrors of German invasion, for Germany, in addition to her many unspeakable crimes, is not only starving the people of that unhappy land, but is actually stealing their food. Despite the splendid efforts of Russia to help these poor beings, who seem to have lost all that they possessed, there is much work for the Great Britain to Poland Fund to do, and the more the fund, which is under **THE RUSSIAN RED CROSS**, can do, by so much more will Russian energy and Russian brains be liberated to prosecute the object of the Allied nations, the crushing of the common foe. Therefore every additional sovereign given to the Fund means the release of another fraction of the mighty pressure exerted on our heroic Ally, and to all who feel compassion for the broken men and women, and starving children—victims of the German war-god—an earnest appeal is made to send what help they can to

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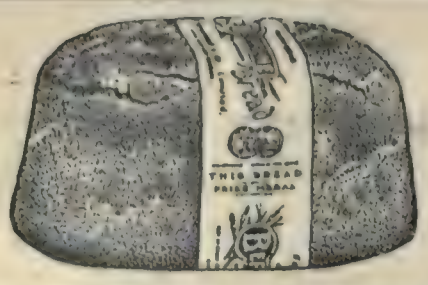

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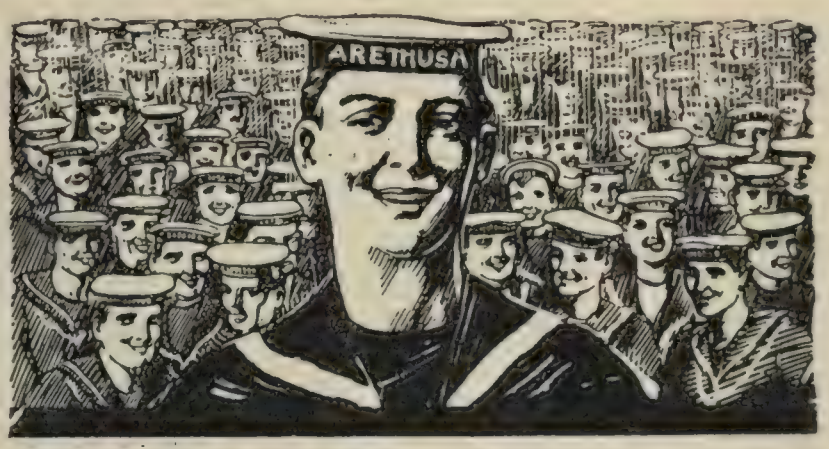

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1916

Strange Meetings

By Harold Monro

IF one beheld a clod of earth arise,
And walk about, and breathe, and speak, and love,
How one would tremble, and in what surprise
Gasp: "Can *you* move?"

So, when I see men walk, I always feel:
"Earth! How have you done this? What can you be?"
I'm so bewildered that I can't conceal
My incredulity.

Rising above the surface, we are men
A moment, till we dive again, and then
We take our ease of breathing: we are sent
Unconscious to our former element,
There being perfect, living without pain
Till we emerge like men, and walk again.

You live there; I live here:
Other people everywhere
Haunt their houses, and endure
Days and deeds and furniture,
Circumstances, families,
And the stare of foreign eyes.

Often we must entertain,
Tolerantly if we can,
Ancestors returned again
Trying to be modern man.
Gates of Memory are wide;
All of them can shuffle in,
Join the family; but, once inside,
Oh, what an interference they begin!
Creatures of another time and mood;
And yet they dare to wrangle and dictate,
Bawl their experience into brain and blood,
And claim to be identified with Fate.

Eyes float along the surface, trailing
Obedient bodies, lagging feet.
The wind of words is always wailing
Where eyes and voices part and meet.

Oh, how reluctantly some people learn
To hold their bones together, with what toil
Breathe and are moved, as though they would return,
How gladly, and be crumbled into soil!

They knock their groping bodies on the stones,
Blink at the light, and startle at all sound,
With their white lips learn only a few moans,
Then go back underground.

It is difficult to tell,
(Though we feel it well,)
How the surface of the land
Budded into head and hand:
But it is a great surprise
How it blossomed into eyes.

Birth

One night when I was in the House of Death,
A shrill voice penetrated root and stone,
And the whole earth was shaken under ground:
I woke and there was light above my head.

Before I heard that shriek I had not known
The region of Above from Underneath,
Alternate light and dark, silence and sound,
Difference between the living and the dead.

How did you enter that body? Why are you here?
Your eyes had scarcely to appear
Over the brim—and you looked for me.
I am startled to find you. How suddenly
We were thrown to the surface, and arrived
Together in this unexpected place!
You, who seem eternal-lived;
You, known without a word.

The ploughboy, he could never understand—
While he was carried dozing with the cart
Or strolling with the plough across the land,
He never knew he had a separate heart.

And to have told him, (had he understood,)
It would have been like tearing up a tree.
You cannot make him hear you—and he would
Be blind if you could teach him how to see.

So they mistook him for a clod of land,
And round him, while he dreamed, they built a town.
He rubs his eyes; he cannot understand,
But like a captive wanders up and down.

A flower is looking through the ground,
    Blinking in the April weather;
Now a child has seen the flower:
    Now they go and play together.

Now it seems the flower would speak,
    And would call the child its brother—
But, Oh, strange forgetfulness!—
    They don't recognise each other.

A man who has clung to a branch and he hangs—
Wondering when it will break.

A woman who sits by the bed of a child,
Watching for him to wake.

People who gaze at the town-hall clock,
Waiting to hear the hour.

Somebody walking along a path,
Stooping to pick a flower.

Dawn; and the reaper comes out of his home,
Moving along to mow.

A frightened crowd in a little room,
Waiting all day to go.

A tall man rubbing his eyes in the dusk,
Muttering "Yes"—Murmuring "No."

Memory opens; memory closes:
Memory taught me to be a man.

It remembers everything:
It helps the little birds to sing.

It finds the honey for the bee:
It opens and closes, opens and closes.

The Shadow-line (i)

By Joseph Conrad

Only the young have such moments. I don't mean the very young. No. The very young have, properly speaking, no moments. It is the privilege of early youth to live in advance of its days in all the beautiful continuity of hope which knows no pauses and no introspection.

One closes behind one the little gate of mere boyishness—and enters an enchanted garden. Its very shades glow with promise. Every turn of the path has its seduction. And it isn't because it is an undiscovered country. One knows well enough that all mankind had streamed that way. It is the charm of universal experience from which one expects an uncommon or personal sensation—a bit of one's own.

One goes on recognising the landmarks of the predecessors, excited, amused, taking the hard luck and the good luck together—the kicks and the halfpence, as the saying is—the picturesque common lot that holds so many possibilities for the deserving or perhaps for the lucky. Yes. One goes on. And the time, too, goes on—till one perceives ahead a shadow-line warning one that the region of early youth, too, must be left behind.

This is the period of life in which such moments of which I have spoken are likely to come. What moments? Why, the moments of boredom, of weariness, of dissatisfaction. Rash moments. I mean moments when the still young are inclined to commit rash actions, such as getting married suddenly or else throwing up a job for no reason.

This is not a marriage story. It wasn't so bad as that with me. My action, rash as it was, had more the character of divorce—almost of desertion. For no reason on which a sensible person could put a finger I threw up my job—chucked my berth—left the ship of which the worst that could be said was that she was a steamship and therefore, perhaps, not entitled to that blind loyalty which . . . How-

ever, it's no use trying to put a gloss on what even at the time I myself half suspected to be a caprice.

It was in an Eastern port. She was an Eastern ship, inasmuch as then she belonged to that port. She traded among dark islands on a blue reef-scarred sea, with the Red Ensign over the taffrail and at her masthead a house-flag, also red, but with a green border and with a white crescent in it. For an Arab owned her, and a Syed at that. Hence the green border on the flag. He was the head of a great House of Straits Arabs, but as loyal a subject of the complicated British Empire as you could find east of the Suez Canal. World politics did not trouble him at all, but he had a great occult power amongst his own people.

It was all one to us who owned the ship. He had to employ white men in the shipping part of his business, and many of those he so employed had never set eyes on him from the first to the last day. I myself saw him but once, quite accidentally on a wharf—an old, dark little man, blind in one eye, in a snowy robe and yellow slippers. He was having his hand severely kissed by a crowd of Malay pilgrims to whom he had done some favour, in the way of food and money. His alms-giving, I have heard, was most extensive, covering almost the whole Archipelago. For isn't it said that "The charitable man is the friend of Allah"?

Excellent (and picturesque) Arab owner, about whom one needed not to trouble one's head, a most excellent Scottish ship—for she was that from the keel up—excellent sea-boat, easy to keep clean, most handy in every way, and if it had not been for her internal propulsion, worthy of any man's love, I cherish to this day a profound respect for her memory. As to the kind of trade she was engaged in and the character of my shipmates, I could not have been happier if I had had the life and the men made to my order by a benevolent Enchanter.

And suddenly I left all this. I left it in that, to us, inconsequential manner in which a bird flies away from a comfortable branch. It was as though all unknowing I had heard a whisper or seen something. Well—perhaps! One day I was perfectly right and the next everything was gone—glamour, flavour, interest, contentment—everything. It was one of these moments, you know. The green sick-

ness of late youth descended on me and carried me off. Carried me off that ship, I mean.

We were only four white men on board, with a large crew of Kalashes and two Malay petty officers. The Captain stared hard as if wondering what ailed me. But he was a sailor, and he, too, had been young at one time. Presently a smile came to lurk under his thick iron-grey moustache, and he observed that, of course, if I felt I must go he couldn't keep me by main force. And it was arranged that I should be paid off the next morning. As I was going out of his cabin he added suddenly, in a peculiar wistful tone, that he hoped I would find what I was so anxious to go and look for. A soft, cryptic utterance which seemed to reach deeper than any diamond-hard tool could have done. I do believe he understood my case.

But the second engineer attacked me differently. He was a sturdy young Scot, with a smooth face and light eyes. His honest red countenance emerged out of the engine-room companion and then the whole robust man, with shirt sleeves turned up, wiping slowly the massive fore-arms with a lump of cotton-waste. And his light eyes expressed bitter distaste, as though our friendship had turned to ashes. He said weightily: "Oh! Aye! I've been thinking it was about time for you to run away home and get married to some silly girl."

It was tacitly understood in the port that John Nieven was a sort of mysogynist; and the wild absurdity of this sally convinced me that he meant to be nasty—very nasty—had meant to say the most crushing thing he could think of. My laugh sounded deprecatory. Nobody but a friend could be so angry as that. I became a little crestfallen. Our chief engineer also took a characteristic view of my case, but in a kindlier spirit.

He was young, too, but very thin, and with a mist of fluffy brown beard all round his haggard face. All day long, at sea or in harbour, he could be seen walking hastily up and down the after-deck, wearing an intense, spiritually rapt expression, which was caused by a perpetual consciousness of unpleasant physical sensations in his internal economy. For he was a confirmed dyspeptic. His view of my case was very simple. He said it was nothing but deranged liver. Of course! He suggested I

should stay for another trip and meantime dose myself with a certain patent medicine in which his own belief was unbounded. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll buy you two bottles, out of my own pocket. There. I can't say fairer than that, can I?"

I believe he would have perpetrated the atrocity (or generosity) at the merest sign of weakening on my part. By that time, however, I was more discontented, disgusted, and dogged than ever. The past eighteen months, so full of new and varied experience, appeared a dreary, prosaic waste of days. I felt—how shall I express it?—that there was no truth in them.

What truth? I should have been hard put to it to explain. Probably, if pressed, I would have burst into tears simply. I was young enough for that.

Next day the Captain and I transacted our business in the harbour office. It was a lofty, big, cool, white room, where the light of day glowed serenely. Everybody in it —the officials, the public—were in white. Only the heavy polished desks gleamed darkly in a sort of avenue, and some papers lying on them were blue. Enormous punkahs sent from on high a gentle draught through that immaculate interior and upon our perspiring heads.

The official behind the desk we approached grinned amiably and kept it up till, in answer to his perfunctory question, "Sign off and on again?" my Captain answered, "No! Signing off for good." And then his grin vanished in a sudden solemnity. He did not look at me again till he handed me my papers with a sorrowful expression, as if they had been my passports for Hades.

While I was putting them away he murmured some question to the Captain, and I heard the latter answer good-humouredly:

"No. He leaves us to go home."

"Oh!" the other exclaimed, nodding mournfully over my lost soul.

I didn't know him outside the official building, but he leaned forward over the desk to shake hands with me, compassionately, as one would with some poor devil going out to be hanged; and I am afraid I performed my part ungraciously, in the hardened manner of an impenitent criminal.

No homeward-bound mail-boat was due for three or four days. Being now a man without a ship, and having for a time broken my connection with the sea—become, in fact, a mere potential passenger—it would have been more appropriate perhaps if I had gone to stay at an hotel. There it was, too, within a stone's throw of the harbour office, low, but somehow palatial, displaying its white pavilions surrounded by trim grass plots. I would have felt a passenger indeed in there! I gave it a hostile glance and directed my steps towards the Officers' Sailors' Home.

I walked in the sunshine, disregarding it, and in the shade of the big trees on the esplanade without enjoying it. The heat of the tropical East drowsed under the leafy boughs, enveloping my thinly-clad body, clinging to my discontented soul, as if to rob it of its freedom.

The Officers' Home was a large bungalow with a wide verandah and a curiously suburban-looking little garden of bushes and a few trees between it and the street. That institution partook somewhat of the character of a residential club, but with a slightly Governmental flavour about it, because it was administered by the Harbour Office. Its manager was officially styled Chief Steward. He was an unhappy, wizened little man, who if put into a jockey's rig would have looked the part to perfection. But it was obvious that at some time or other in his life, in some capacity or other, he had been connected with the sea. Perhaps in the comprehensive capacity of a failure.

I should have thought his employment a very easy one, but he used to affirm for some reason or other that his job would be the death of him some day. It was rather mysterious. Perhaps everything naturally was too much trouble for him. He certainly seemed to hate having people in the house.

On entering it I thought he must be feeling pleased. It was as still as a tomb. I could see no one in the living rooms; and the verandah, too, was empty, except for a man at the far end dozing prone in a long chair. At the noise of my footsteps he opened one horribly fish-like eye. He was a stranger to me. I retreated from there, and, crossing the dining-room—a very bare apartment with a motionless punkah hanging over the centre table—I knocked at a door labelled in black letters: "Chief Steward."

The answer to my knock being a vexed and doleful plaint: "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What is it now?" I went in at once.

It was a strange room to find in the tropics. Twilight and stuffiness reigned in there. The fellow had hung enormously ample, dusty, cheap lace curtains over his windows, which were shut. Piles of cardboard boxes, such as milliners and dressmakers use in Europe, cumbered the corners; and by some means he had procured for himself the sort of furniture that might have come out of a respectable parlour in the East End of London—a horsehair sofa, armchairs of the same. I glimpsed grimy antimacassars scattered over that horrid upholstery, which was awe-inspiring, insomuch that one could not guess what mysterious accident, need, or desire had collected it there. Its owner had taken off his tunic, and in white trousers and a thin short-sleeved singlet prowled behind the chair-backs nursing his meagre elbows.

A low exclamation of dismay escaped him when he heard that I had come for a stay; but he could not deny that there were plenty of vacant rooms.

"Very well. Can you give me the one I had before?"

He emitted a faint moan from behind a pile of cardboard boxes on the table, which might have contained gloves or handkerchiefs or neckties. I wonder what the fellow did keep in them? There was a smell of decaying coral, or Oriental dust, of zoological specimens in that den of his. I could only see the top of his head and his unhappy eyes levelled at me over the barrier.

"It's only for a couple of days," I said, intending to cheer him up.

"Perhaps you would like to pay in advance?" he suggested eagerly.

"Certainly not!" I burst out directly I could speak. "Never heard of such a thing! This is the most infernal cheek. . . ."

He had seized his head in both hands—a gesture of despair which checked my indignation.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Don't fly out like this. I am asking everybody."

"I don't believe it," I said bluntly

"Well, I am going to. And if you gentlemen all agreed

to pay in advance I could make Hamilton pay up too. He's always turning up ashore dead broke, and even when he has some money he won't settle his bills. I don't know what to do with him. He swears at me and tells me I can't chuck a white man out into the street here. So if you only would. . . ."

I was amazed. Incredulous too. I suspected the fellow of gratuitous impertinence. I told him with marked emphasis that I would see him and Hamilton hanged first, and requested him to conduct me to my room with no more of his nonsense. He produced then a key from somewhere and led the way out of his lair, giving me a vicious sidelong look in passing.

"Anyone I know staying here?" I asked him before he left my room.

He had recovered his usual pained impatient tone, and said that Captain Giles was there, back from a Solo Sea trip. Two other guests were staying also. He paused. And, of course, Hamilton, he added.

"Oh, yes! Hamilton," I said, and the miserable creature took himself off with a final groan.

His impudence still rankled within me when I came into the dining-room at tiffin time. He was there on duty overlooking the two Chinamen servants. The tiffin was laid on one end only of the long table, and the punkah was stirring the hot air lazily above the barren waste of polished wood.

We were four around the cloth. The dozing stranger from the chair was one. Both his eyes were partly opened now, but they did not seem to see anything. He was supine. The dignified person next him, with short side whiskers and a carefully scraped chin, was, of course, Hamilton. I have never seen anyone so full of dignity for the station in life Providence had been pleased to place him in. I had been told that he regarded me as a rank outsider. He raised not only his eyes, but his eyebrows as well, at the sound I made pulling back my chair.

Captain Giles was at the head of the table. I exchanged a few words of greeting with him and sat down on his left. Stout and pale, with a great shiny dome of a bald forehead and prominent brown eyes, he might have been anything but a seaman. You would not have been

surprised to learn that he was an architect. To me (I know how absurd it is) to me he looked like a churchwarden. He was the sort of man from whom you would expect sound advice, moral sentiments, with perhaps a platitude or two thrown in on occasion, not from a desire to dazzle, but from honest conviction.

Though very well known and appreciated in the shipping world, he had no regular employment. He did not want it. He had his own peculiar position. He was an expert. An expert in—how shall I say it?—in intricate navigation. He was supposed to know more about remote and imperfectly charted parts of the Archipelago than any man living. His brain must have been a perfect warehouse of reefs, positions, bearings, images of headlands, shapes of obscure coasts, aspects of innumerable islands, desert and otherwise. Any ship, for instance, bound on a trip to Palawan or somewhere that way would have Captain Giles on board, either in temporary command or "to assist the master." It was said that he had a small retaining fee from a wealthy firm of Chinese steamship owners, in view of such services. Besides, he was always ready to relieve any man who wished to take a spell ashore for a time. No owner was ever known to object to an arrangement of that sort. For it seemed to be the established opinion at the port that Captain Giles was as good as the best, if not a little better. But in Hamilton's view he was an "outsider." I believe that for Hamilton the generalisation "outsider" covered the whole lot of us; though I suppose that he made some distinctions in his mind.

I didn't try to make conversation with Captain Giles, whom I had not seen more than twice in my life. But, of course, he knew who I was. After a while, inclining his big shiny head my way, he addressed me first in his friendly fashion. He presumed from seeing me there, he said, that I had come ashore for a couple of days' leave.

He was a low-voiced man. I spoke a little louder, saying that, "No. I had left the ship for good."

"A free man for a bit," was his comment.

"I suppose I may call myself that—since eleven o'clock," I said.

Hamilton had stopped eating at the sound of our voices. He laid down his knife and fork gently, got up, and

muttering something about "this infernal heat cutting one's appetite," went out of the room. Almost immediately we heard him leave the house down the verandah steps.

On this Captain Giles remarked easily that the fellow had no doubt gone off to look after my old job. The Chief Steward, who had been leaning against the wall, brought his face of an unhappy goat nearer to the table and addressed us dolefully. His object was to unburden himself of his eternal grievance against Hamilton. The man kept him in hot water with the Harbour Office as to the state of his accounts. He wished to goodness he would get my job, though in truth what would it be? Temporary relief at best.

I said: "You needn't worry. He won't get my job. My successor is on board already."

He was surprised, and I believe his face fell a little at the news. Captain Giles gave a soft laugh. We got up and went out on the verandah, leaving the supine stranger to be dealt with by the Chinamen. The last thing I saw they had put a plate with a slice of pine-apple on it before him and stood back to watch what would happen. But the experiment seemed a failure. He sat insensible.

It was imparted to me in a low voice by Captain Giles that this was an officer of some Rajah's yacht which had come into our port to be dry-docked. Must have been "seeing life" last night, he added, wrinkling his nose in an intimate, confidential way which pleased me vastly. For Captain Giles had prestige. He was credited with wonderful adventures and with some mysterious tragedy in his life. And no man had a word to say against him. He continued:

"I remember him first coming ashore here some years ago. Seems only the other day. He was a nice boy. Oh! these nice boys!"

I could not help laughing aloud. He looked startled, then joined in the laugh. "No! No! I didn't mean that," he cried. "What I meant is that some of them do go soft mighty quick out here."

Jocularly I suggested the beastly heat as the first cause. But Captain Giles disclosed himself possessed of a deeper philosophy. Things out East were made easy for white men. That was all right. The difficulty was to go on

keeping white, and some of these nice boys did not know it. He gave me a searching look, and in a benevolent, heavy-uncle manner asked point blank:

"Why did you throw up your berth?"

I became angry all of a sudden; for you can understand how exasperating such a question was to a man who didn't know. I said to myself that I ought to shut up that moralist; and to him aloud I said with a sort of challenging politeness:

"Why . . . ? Do you disapprove?"

He was too disconcerted to do more than mutter confusedly: "I! . . . In a general way . . ." and then gave me up. But he retired in good order, under the cover of a heavily humorous remark that he, too, was getting soft, and that this was his time for taking his little siesta—when he was on shore. "Very bad habit. Very bad habit."

There was a simplicity in the man which would have disarmed a touchiness even more youthful than mine. So when next day he bent his head towards me and said that he had met my late Captain last evening, adding in an undertone: "He's very sorry you left. He had never had a mate that suited him so well," I answered him earnestly, without any affectation, that I certainly hadn't been so comfortable in any ship or with any commander in all my sea-going days.

"Well—then," he murmured.

"Haven't you heard, Captain Giles, that I intend to go home?"

"Yes," he said benevolently. "I have heard that sort of thing so often before."

"What of that?" I cried. I thought he was the most dull, unimaginative man I had ever met. I don't know what more I would have said, but the much-belated Hamilton came in just then and took his usual seat. So I dropped into a mumble.

"Anyhow, you shall see it done this time."

Hamilton, beautifully shaved, gave Captain Giles a curt nod, but didn't even condescend to raise his eyebrows at me; and when he spoke it was only to tell the Chief Steward that the food on his plate wasn't fit to be set before a gentleman. The individual addressed seemed

much too unhappy to groan. He only cast his eyes up to the punkah and that was all.

Captain Giles and I got up from the table, and the stranger next to Hamilton followed our example, manœuvring himself to his feet with difficulty. He, poor fellow, not because he was hungry but I verily believe only to recover his self-respect, had tried to put some of that unworthy food into his mouth. But after dropping his fork twice and generally making a failure of it, he had sat still with an air of intense mortification combined with a ghastly glazed stare. Both Giles and I had avoided looking his way at table.

On the verandah he stopped and addressed to us anxiously a long remark which I failed to understand completely. It sounded like some horrible unknown language. But when Captain Giles, after only an instant for reflection, answered him with homely friendliness, "Aye, to be sure. You are right there," he appeared very much gratified indeed, and went away (pretty straight too) to seek a distant long chair.

"What was he trying to say?" I asked with disgust.

"I don't know. Mustn't be down too much on a fellow. He's feeling pretty wretched, you may be sure; and to-morrow he'll feel worse yet."

Judging by the man's appearance it seemed impossible. I wondered what sort of complicated debauch had reduced him to that unspeakable condition. Captain Giles' benevolence was spoiled by a curious air of complacency which I disliked. I said with a little laugh:

"Well, he will have you to look after him."

He made a deprecatory gesture, sat down, and took up a paper. I did the same. The papers were old and uninteresting, filled up mostly with dreary stereotyped descriptions of Queen Victoria's first jubilee celebrations. Probably we should have quickly fallen into a tropical afternoon doze if it had not been for Hamilton's voice raised in the dining-room. He was finishing his tiffin there. The big double doors stood wide open permanently, and he could not have had any idea how near to it our chairs were placed. He was heard in a loud, supercilious tone answering some statement ventured by the Chief Steward.

"What? That young ass who fancies himself for having been chief mate with Kent so long? . . . Never."

Giles and I looked at each other. Kent being the name of my late commander. Captain Giles' whisper, "He's talking of you," seemed to me sheer waste of breath. The Chief Steward must have said something more, because Hamilton was heard again, more supercilious than ever and also very emphatic:

"Rubbish, my good man! One doesn't *compete* with a rank outsider like that. There's plenty of time."

Then there was pushing of chairs, footsteps in the next room, and plaintive expostulations from the Steward, who was pursuing Hamilton, even out of doors through the main entrance.

"That's a very insulting sort of man," remarked Captain Giles—superfluously, I thought. "Very insulting. You haven't done anything to him, have you?"

"Never spoke to him in my life," I said grumpily. "Can't imagine what he means by competing. He has been trying for my job after I left—and didn't get it. But that isn't exactly competition."

Captain Giles balanced his big benevolent head thoughtfully. "He didn't get it," he repeated very slowly. "No, not likely either, with Kent. Kent told me he was sorry you left him. He gives you the name of a good seaman too."

I flung away the paper I was still holding. I sat up, I slapped the table with my open palm. I wanted to know why he would keep harping on that, my absolutely private affair. It was exasperating, really.

Captain Giles silenced me by the perfect equanimity of his gaze. "Nothing to be annoyed about," he murmured reasonably, with an evident intention to soothe the inexplicable irritation he had aroused. And he was really a man of an appearance so inoffensive that I tried to explain myself as much as I could. I told him that I did not want to hear any more about what was past and gone. It had been very nice while it lasted, but now it was done with I had no desire to talk about it or even think about it. I had made up my mind to go home.

He listened to the whole tirade in a particular, lending-the-ear attitude, as if trying to detect a false note in it

somewhere; then straightened himself up and appeared to ponder sagaciously over the matter.

"Yes. You told me you meant to go home. Anything in view there?"

Instead of telling him that it was none of his business I said sullenly:

"Nothing that I know of."

I had indeed considered that rather blank side of the situation I had created for myself by leaving suddenly my very satisfactory employment. And I was not very pleased with it. I had it on the tip of my tongue to say that common sense had nothing to do with my action, and that therefore it didn't deserve the interest Captain Giles seemed to be taking in it. But he was puffing at a short wooden pipe now, and looked so inoffensive, dense, and commonplace, that it seemed hardly worth while to puzzle him either with truth or sarcasm.

He blew a cloud of smoke, then surprised me by a very abrupt: "Paid your passage money yet?"

Overcome by the shameless pertinacity of a man to whom it was rather difficult to be rude, I replied with exaggerated meekness that I had not done so yet. I thought there would be plenty of time to do that to-morrow.

And I was about to turn away, withdrawing my privacy from his fatuous, objectless attempts to test what sort of stuff it was made of, when he laid down his pipe in an extremely, significant manner, you know, as if a critical moment had come, and leaned sideways over the table between us.

"Oh! You haven't yet!" He dropped his voice mysteriously. "Well, then I think you ought to know that there's something going on here."

I had never in my life felt more detached from all earthly goings on. Freed from the sea for a time, I preserved the sailor's consciousness of complete independence from all land affairs. How could they concern me? I gazed at Captain Giles' animation with scorn rather than with curiosity.

To his obviously preparatory question whether our steward had spoken to me that day I said he hadn't. And what's more he would have had precious little encourage-

ment if he had tried to. I didn't want the fellow to speak to me at all.

Unrebuked by my petulance, Captain Giles, with an air of immense sagacity, began to tell me a sort of tale about a Harbour Office peon. It was absolutely pointless. A peon was seen walking that morning on the verandah with a letter in his hand. It was in an official envelope. As the habit of these fellows is, he had shown it to the first white man he came across. That man was our friend in the armchair. He, as I knew, was not in a state to interest himself in any sublunary matters. He could only wave the peon away. The man then wandered on along the verandah and came upon Captain Giles, who was there by an extraordinary chance . . . .

At this point he stopped with a profound look. The letter, he continued, was addressed to the Chief Steward. Now what could Captain Ellis, the Master Attendant, want to write to the Steward for? The fellow went every morning, anyhow, to the Harbour Office with his report, for orders or what not. He hadn't been back more than an hour before there was an office peon chasing him with a note. Now what was that for?

And he began to speculate. It was not for this—and it could not be for that. As to that other thing it was unthinkable.

The fatuousness of all this made me stare. If the man had not been somehow a sympathetic personality I would have resented it like an insult. As it was, I felt only sorry for him. Something remarkably earnest in his gaze prevented me from laughing in his face. Neither did I yawn at him. I just stared.

His tone became a shade more mysterious. Directly the fellow (meaning the Steward) got that note he rushed for his hat and bolted out of the house. But it wasn't because the note called him to the Harbour Office. He didn't go there. He was not absent long enough for that. He came darting back in no time, flung his hat away and raced about the dining-room moaning and slapping his forehead. All these exciting facts and manifestations had been observed by Captain Giles. He had, it seems, been meditating upon them ever since.

I began to pity him profoundly. And in a tone which

I tried to make as little sarcastic as possible I said that I was glad he had found something to occupy his morning hours.

With his disarming simplicity he made me observe, as if it were a matter of some consequence, how strange it was that he should have spent the morning indoors at all. He generally was out before tiffin, visiting various offices, seeing his friends in the harbour, and so on. He had felt out of sorts somewhat on rising. Nothing much. Just enough to make him feel lazy.

All this with a sustained, holding stare which, in conjunction with the general inanity of the discourse, conveyed the impression of mild, dreary lunacy. And when he hitched his chair a little and dropped his voice to the low note of mystery, it flashed upon me that high professional reputation was not necessarily a guarantee of sound mind.

It never occurred to me then that I didn't know in what soundness of mind exactly consisted and what a delicate and, upon the whole, unimportant matter it was. With some idea of not hurting his feelings I blinked at him in an interested manner. But when he proceeded to ask me mysteriously whether I remembered what had passed just now between that Steward of ours and "that man Hamilton," I only grunted sourly assent and turned away my head.

"Aye. But do you remember every word?" he insisted tactfully.

"I don't know. It's none of my business," I snapped out, consigning, moreover, the Steward and Hamilton aloud to eternal perdition.

I meant to be very energetic and final, but Captain Giles continued to gaze at me thoughtfully. Nothing could stop him. He went on to point out that my personality was involved in that conversation. When I tried to preserve the semblance of unconcern he became positively cruel. I heard what the man had said? Yes? What did I think of it then?—he wanted to know.

Captain Giles' appearance excluding the suspicion of mere sly malice, I came to the conclusion that he was simply the most tactless idiot on earth. I almost despised myself for the weakness of attempting to enlighten his common understanding. I started to explain that I did

not think anything whatever. Hamilton was not worth a thought. What such an offensive loafer . . . .—"Aye! that he is," interjected Captain Giles— . . . . thought or said was below any decent man's contempt, and I did not propose to take the slightest notice of it.

This attitude seemed to me so simple and obvious that I was really astonished at Giles giving no sign of assent. Such perfect stupidity was almost interesting.

"What would you like me to do?" I asked laughing. "I can't start a row with him because of the opinion he has formed of me. Of course, I've heard of the contemptuous way he alludes to me. But he doesn't intrude his contempt on my notice. He has never expressed it in my hearing. For even just now he didn't know we could hear him. I should only make myself ridiculous."

That hopeless Giles went on puffing at his pipe moodily. All at once his face cleared, and he spoke.

"You missed my point."

"Have I? I am very glad to hear it," I said.

With increasing animation he stated again that I had missed his point. Entirely. And in a tone of growing self-conscious complacency he told me that few things escaped his attention, and he was rather used to think them out, and generally from his experience of life and men arrived at the right conclusion.

This bit of self-praise, of course, fitted excellently the laborious inanity of the whole conversation. The whole thing strengthened in me that obscure feeling of life being but a waste of days which half-unconsciously had driven me out of a comfortable berth, away from men I liked, to flee from the menace of emptiness . . . and to find inanity at the first turn. Here was a man of recognised character and achievement disclosed as an absurd and dreary chatterer. And it was probably like this everywhere—from east to west, from the bottom to the top of the social scale.

A great discouragement fell on me like spiritual drowsiness. Giles' voice was going on complacently; the very voice of the universal hollow conceit. And I was no longer angry with it. There was nothing original, nothing new, startling, informing to expect from the world: no opportunities to find out something about oneself, no wisdom to

acquire, no fun to enjoy. Everything was stupid and overrated, even as Captain Giles was. So be it.

The name of Hamilton suddenly caught my ear and roused me up.

"I thought we had done with him," I said, with the greatest possible distaste.

"Yes. But considering what we happened to hear just now I think you ought to do it."

"Ought to do it?" I sat up bewildered. "Do what?"

Captain Giles confronted me very much surprised.

"Why! Do what I have been advising you to try. You go and ask the Steward what was there in that letter from the Harbour Office. Ask him straight out."

I remained speechless for a time. Here was something unexpected and original enough to be altogether incomprehensible. I murmured, astounded.

"But I thought it was Hamilton that you . . . . "

"Exactly. Don't you let him. You do what I tell you. You tackle that Steward. You'll make him jump, I bet," insisted Captain Giles, waving his smouldering pipe impressively at me. Then he took three rapid puffs at it.

His air of triumphant acuteness was indescribable. Yet the man remained a strangely sympathetic creature. Benevolence radiated from him ridiculously—a sort of mysterious benevolence. It was irritating, too. But I pointed out coldly, as one who deals with the incomprehensible, that I didn't see any reason to expose myself to a snub from the fellow. He was a very unsatisfactory servant and a miserable wretch besides, but I would just as soon think of tweaking his nose.

"Tweaking his nose," said Captain Giles in a scandalised tone. "Much use it would be to you."

That remark was so irrelevant that one could make no answer to it. But the sense of the absurdity was beginning to grow upon me and exercise its well-known fascination. I felt I must not let the man talk to me any more. I got up, observing curtly that he was too much for me—that I couldn't make him out.

Before I had time to move away he spoke again in a changed tone of obstinacy and puffing nervously at his pipe.

"Well—he's a—no account cuss—anyhow. You just —ask him. That's all."

That new manner impressed me—or rather made me pause. But sanity asserting its sway at once I left the verandah after giving him a mirthless smile. In a few strides I found myself in the dining-room, now cleared and empty. But during that short time various thoughts occurred to me, such as: that Giles had been making fun of me, expecting some amusement at my expense; that I probably looked silly and gullible; that I knew very little of life . . . .

The door facing me across the dining-room flew open to my extreme surprise. It was the door inscribed with the word "Steward" and the man himself ran out of his stuffy Philistinish lair in his absurd hunted animal manner, making for the garden door.

To this day I don't know what made me call after him. "I say! Wait a minute." Perhaps it was the side-long glance he gave me; or possibly I was yet under the influence of Captain Giles' mysterious earnestness. Well, it was an impulse of some sort; an effect of that force somewhere within our lives which shapes them this way or that. For if these words had not escaped from my lips (my will had nothing to do with that) my existence would, to be sure, have been still a seaman's existence, but directed on now to me utterly inconceivable lines.

No. My will had nothing to do with it. Indeed, no sooner had I made that fateful noise than I became extremely sorry for it. Had the man stopped and faced me I would have had to retire in disorder. For I had no notion to carry out Captain Giles' idiotic joke, either at my own expense or at the expense of the Steward.

But here the old human instinct of the chase came into play. He pretended to be deaf, and I, without thinking a second about it, dashed along my own side of the dining table and cut him off at the very door.

"Why can't you answer when you are spoken to?" I asked roughly.

He leaned against the lintel of the door. He looked extremely wretched. Human nature is, I fear, not very nice right through. There are ugly spots in it. I found

myself growing angry, and that, I believe, only because my quarry looked so woe-begone. Miserable beggar!

I went for him without more ado. "I understand there was an official communication to the Home from the Harbour Office this morning. Is that so?"

Instead of telling me to mind my own business, as he might have done, he began to whine with an undertone of impudence. He couldn't see me anywhere this morning. He couldn't be expected to run all over the town after me.

"Who wants you to?" I cried. And then my eyes became opened to the inwardness of things and speeches the triviality of which had been so baffling and wearisome.

I told him I wanted to know what was in that letter. My sternness of tone and behaviour was only half assumed. Curiosity can be a very fierce sentiment—at times.

He took refuge in a silly, muttering sulkiness. It was nothing to me, he mumbled. I had told him I was going home. And since I was going home he didn't see why he should . . . .

That was the line of his argument, and it was irrelevant enough to be almost insulting. Insulting to one's intelligence, I mean.

In that twilight region between youth and maturity, in which I had my being then, one is peculiarly sensitive to that kind of insult. I am afraid my behaviour to him became very rough indeed. But it wasn't in him to face out anything or anybody. Drug habit or solitary tippling, perhaps. And when I forgot myself so far as to swear at him he broke down and began to shriek.

I don't mean to say that he made a great outcry. It was a cynical shrieking confession, only faint—piteously faint. It wasn't very coherent either, but sufficiently so to strike me dumb with righteous indignation. I turned my eyes from him in horror, and perceived Captain Giles in the verandah doorway surveying quietly the scene, his own handiwork, if I may express it in that way. His smouldering black pipe was very noticeable in his big, paternal fist. So, too, was the glitter of his heavy gold watch-chain across the breast of his white tunic. He exhaled an atmosphere of virtuous sagacity thick enough

for any innocent soul to fly to confidently. I flew to him.

"You would never believe it," I cried. "It was a notification that a master is wanted for some ship. There's a command apparently going about and this fellow puts the thing in his pocket."

He screamed out in accents of loud despair. "You will be the death of me!"

The mighty slap he gave his wretched forehead was very loud, too. But when I turned to look at him he was no longer there. He had rushed away somewhere out of sight. This sudden disappearance made me laugh.

This was the end of the incident—for me. Captain Giles, however, staring at the place where the Steward had been, began to haul at his gorgeous gold chain till at last the watch came up from the deep pocket like solid truth from a well. Solemnly he lowered it down again and only then said:

"Just three o'clock. You will be in time—if you don't lose any, that is."

"In time for what?" I asked.

"Good Lord! For the Office. This must be looked into."

Strictly speaking, he was right. But I've never had much taste for investigation, for showing people up and all that, no doubt ethically meritorious, kind of work. And my view of the episode was purely ethical. If anyone had to be the death of the Steward I didn't see why it shouldn't be Captain Giles himself, a man of age and standing, and a permanent resident. Whereas I, in comparison, felt myself a mere bird of passage in that port. In fact, it might have been said that I had already broken off my connection. I muttered that I didn't think—it was nothing to me . . . .

"Nothing!" repeated Captain Giles, giving some signs of quiet, deliberate indignation. "Kent warned me you were a peculiar young fellow. You will tell me next that a command is nothing to you—and after all the trouble I've taken, too!"

"The trouble!" I murmured, uncomprehending. What trouble? All I could remember was being mystified

and bored by his conversation for a solid hour after tiffin. And he called that taking a lot of trouble.

He was looking at me with a self-complacency which would have been odious in any other man. All at once, as if a page of a book had been turned over disclosing a word which made plain all that had gone before, I perceived that this matter had also another than an ethical aspect.

And still I did not move. Captain Giles lost his patience a little. With an angry puff at his pipe he turned his back on my hesitation.

But it was not hesitation on my part. I had been, if I may express myself so, put out of gear mentally. But as soon as I had convinced myself that this stale, unprofitable world of my discontent contained such a thing as a command to be seized, I recovered my powers of locomotion.

It's a good step from the Officers' Home to the Harbour Office; but with the magic word "Command" in my head I found myself suddenly on the quay as if transported there in the twinkling of an eye, before a portal of dressed white stone above a flight of shallow white steps.

All this seemed to glide at me swiftly. The whole great roadstead to the right was just a mere flicker of blue, and the dim cool hall swallowed me up out of the heat and glare of which I had not been aware till at the very moment I passed in from it.

The broad inner staircase insinuated itself under my feet somehow. Command is a strong magic. The first human beings I perceived distinctly since I had parted with the broad back of Captain Giles was the crew of the harbour steam-launch lounging on the broad landing about the curtained archway of the shipping office.

It was there that my buoyancy abandoned me. The atmosphere of officialdom would kill anything that breathes the air of human endeavour, would extinguish hope and fear alike in the supremacy of paper and ink. I passed heavily under the curtain which the Malay coxswain of the harbour launch raised for me. There was nobody in the office except the clerks, writing in two industrious rows. But the head shipping-master hopped down from his elevation and hurried along on the thick mats to meet me in the broad central passage.

He had a Scottish name, but his complexion was of a rich olive hue, his short beard was jet black, and his eyes, also black, had a languishing expression. He asked confidentially:

"You want to see Him?"

All lightness of spirit and body having departed from me at the touch of officialdom, I looked at the scribe without animation and asked in my turn wearily:

"What do you think? Is it any good?"

"My goodness! He has asked for you twice to-day."

This emphatic He was the supreme authority, the Marine Superintendent, the Harbour-Master—a very great person in the eyes of every single quill-driver in the room. But that was nothing to the opinion he had of himself.

He looked upon himself as a sort of divine (pagan) emanation, the deputy-Neptune for the circumambient seas. If he did not actually rule the waves, he pretended to rule the fate of the mortals whose lives were cast upon the waters.

This uplifting illusion made him inquisitorial and peremptory. And as his temperament was choleric there were fellows who were actually afraid of him. He was redoubtable, not in virtue of his office, but in virtue of his unwarrantable assumptions. I had never had anything to do with him before.

I said: "Oh! He has asked for me twice. Then perhaps I had better go in."

"Decidedly! Decidedly!"

The shipping-master led the way with a mincing gait round the whole system of desks to a tall and important-looking door, which he opened with a deferential action of the arm.

He stepped right in (but without letting go of the handle) and, after gazing reverently down the room for a while, beckoned me in by a silent jerk of the head. Then he slipped out at once and shut the door after me most delicately.

Three lofty windows gave on the harbour. There was nothing in them but the dark-blue sparkling sea and the a little paler luminous blue of the sky. My eye caught in the depths and distances of these blue tones the white speck of some big ship just arrived and about to anchor

in the outer roadstead. A ship from home—after perhaps ninety days at sea. There is something touching about a ship coming in from sea and folding her white wings for a rest.

The next thing I saw was the top-knot of silver hair surmounting Captain Ellis' smooth red face, which would have been apoplectic if it hadn't had such a fresh appearance.

Our deputy-Neptune had no beard on his chin, and there was no trident to be seen standing in a corner anywhere, like an umbrella. But his hand was holding a pen—the official pen, far mightier than the sword in making or marring the fortune of simple toiling men. He was looking over his shoulder at my advance.

When I had come well within range he saluted me by a nerve-shattering: "Where have you been all this time?"

As it was none of his business I did not take the slightest notice of the shot. I said simply that I had heard there was a master needed for some vessel, and being a sailing-ship man I thought I would apply. . . .

He interrupted me. "Why! Hang it! *You* are the right man for that job—if there had been twenty others after it. But no fear of that. They are all afraid to catch hold. That's what's the matter."

He was very irritated. I said innocently: "Are they, sir. I wonder why?"

"Why!" he fumed. "Afraid of the sails. Afraid of a white crew. Too much trouble. Too much work. Too long out here. Easy life and deck-chairs more their mark. Here I sit with the Consul-General's cable before me, and the only man fit for the job not to be found anywhere. I began to think you were funking it too. . . ."

"I haven't been long getting to the office," I remarked calmly.

"You have a good name out here, though," he growled savagely without looking at me.

"I am very glad to hear it from you, sir," I said.

"Yes. But you are not on the spot when you are wanted. You know you weren't. That steward of yours wouldn't dare to neglect a message from this office. Where the devil did you hide yourself for the best part of the day?"

I only smiled kindly down at him, and he seemed to recollect himself, and asked me to take a seat. He explained that the master of a British ship having died in Bankok the Consul-General had cabled to him a request for a competent man to be sent out to take command.

Apparently, in his mind, I was the man from the first, though for the looks of the thing the notification addressed to the Sailors' Home was general. An agreement had already been prepared. He gave it to me to read, and when I handed it back to him with the remark that I accepted its terms, the deputy-Neptune signed it, stamped it with his own exalted hand, folded it in four (it was a sheet of blue foolscap) and presented it to me—a gift of extraordinary potency, for, as I put it in my pocket, my head swam a little.

"This is your appointment to the command," he said with a certain gravity. "An official appointment binding the owners to conditions which you have accepted. Now —when will you be ready to go?"

I said I would be ready that very day if necessary. He caught me at my word with great alacrity. The steamer *Melita* was leaving for Bankok that evening about seven. He would request her captain officially to give me a passage and wait for me till ten o'clock.

Then he rose from his office chair, and I got up too. My head swam, there was no doubt about it, and I felt a certain heaviness of limbs as if they had grown bigger since I had sat down on that chair. I made my bow.

A subtle change in Captain Ellis' manner became perceptible. He had laid aside the trident of deputy-Neptune. In reality, it was only his pen that he had dropped on getting up.

(To be continued.)

The Word

A Welsh Study

By Caradoc Evans

According to the Word of the Davydd Bern-Davydd, the Respected of Capel Sion, which is in the parish of Troed-fawr, in the shire of Cardigan:

My text, congregation fach, is in Luke, the seventh chapter, and the second after the tenth verse: "Now when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her." The second after the tenth verse in the seventh chapter of Luke, people: "Now when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her."

Search deeply into the verse will I. Going about preaching was the little White Jesus. A student He was at this time, collecting for His college, like the students that come to Capel Sion from College Carmarthen and College Bala. Grand was the sermon He had worded at Capernaum. There's big the collection was. Then He said: "For sure me, go I will now to Capel Moriah in Nain."

Was not Nain, people bach, a big town? Things very pretty were in the town. There were Capels in every part, and the largest was Capal Moriah Dissenters. Moriah had two lofts, and in front of the lower loft there was a clock cuckoo; and nice the ornaments in the ceiling were now. And there's a splendid pulpit, higher than even the roof of the heathen old Church. Boys bach, never have you seen such a Book of Words. The cover was of leather; not hard leather, but soft like Mishtress Bern-Davydd's Sabbath shoes. And he had clasps of brass, and at the

beginning of him was written the names of all the Rulers of Moriah.

Between the Capel and the road, as we have in Sion, was the burial-ground, which from end to end measured more than from Shop Rhys to the tree on which Dennis sinned. The place was so big that you could not see the other side. Larger than ten hayfields. And as full of graves as a wheatfield is of ears. Very careful you had to be not to walk on the graves. Fuller, indeed, five over twenty times than the burial-ground of Capel Morfa.

Natty were the stones over the graves. Come with me, little men, and peep at them we will. Here is one above a Ruler of the Pulpit. Photographs of angels at the end of the stone. And what a big angel bach on the head. What is he doing? Sounding, he is, indeed to goodness, the Harp of Gold. What is the name of the hymn the angel bach is toning? Hymn Williams:

Guide me, O Thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of Heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

What is the Ruler's name, say you? A surprise. Read you on the stone again. "Here sleeps Solomon, who reigned over Israel for twice twenty years."

Dear me, here is a nice stone, and costly. This is over the perished body surely of a nobleman. Who was he? Hap he had a shop draper of a walk milk. Great he was in the Big Seat. "He died in the Big Man's arms," is the writing. O persons, shall that much be said of you? When you hear the trumpet noising over your grave, will you say: "I am ready, little White Jesus"? You, Dai Lanlas, how will you fare after the report that Eynon Daviss made about you, man? Horrid is your sin. What for you want to laugh at Capel Sion?

Come, come, congregation, let us read the stones and heed the glass flowers on the mounds. There is Mishtress Simeon: "Be this her Memorial." Here is the grave of the religious little widow who gave her mite: "Let this be counted unto her for righteousness." A grand sampler was the widow. She gave her mite. Nanss Penfordd, one

yellow sovereign and half-a-crown you gave last year to Sion, though you get a large pension. Isaac Brongest, man, increase your sacrifice, or tell about you to the Big Preacher I must.

What is this? An open grave. What are the names on the stone at the side? "Abram Shop Grocer, Nain." Was Abram religious? Great was the wealth he left his widow Esther. Ask askings we shall of the old gravedigger. There he is—a tallish man and hairless, and the hangings of his trousers are loosened because of the heat of the sun. Occupation very good is making graves. Digging the houses which shelter us between here and the Palace. There is no old rent to pay for a grave, people.

"Fair day, little man, how you was, then?"

"Good am I, strangers; and fair day to you. Where shall I say you hail from?"

"Boys bach from Capel Sion," we say. "Proud is the graveyard."

The gravedigger rests his chin on the end of the rod of his pickaxe and wipes the tobacco spittle from his chin. "Iss, man, when this coffin is covered, there will be no more room. Has not the Capel taken the spacious field of Eben, the son of Joseph? Elegant will be the to-do at the first opening."

"The hole is not very large," we say. "Be he for a maid now?"

"No-no, male. Though he is narrow, he is not for a maid."

"As you speak. Mouth who is perished."

"A young youth," the old gravedigger says. "The son of Esther the widow of Abram Shop Grocer."

"Don't say. When is the funeral, male bach?"

"This day, boys Capel Sion. An hour after the dinner."

The gravedigger takes out his old watch. "One o'clock. Saint Shames will be praying in the house now. Tearful are Shames's prayers. And Luke will speak also."

"Who is Shames and Luke?"

Astonished is the gravedigger. "Dullish you are. Is not Shames the Ruler of Capel Horeb in Jerusalem? And Luke bach the Ruler of Capel Antioch? Tuneful and short and sweet preacher is Luke bach the Singer. Do you

tarry here to listen to his sermon over the coffin in the Capel. Treat you will have."

He goes down into the Hole and makes the walls straight. Listen, blockheads. Is he not singing one of Hawen's hymns? Hymner very religious is Hawen. Now he comes up and examines his watch. "Late is the funeral," he says. He stands on the edge, but he sees no men and women walking in procession in their Sabbath clothes. He cries to Daniel Lions, who is the Keeper of the House of the Capel: "Slow is the carcase in coming, Daniel." Daniel answers: "Iss, indeed. Sent Abed have I to make questions."

The afternoon grows and no funeral. The day dims. We will stay on, companions, for are we not to hear Luke bach the Singer saying a sermon. Iss, then, we will stop.

So we tarry, and ask more questions of the gravedigger. "Was this a promising young youth—the son of Esther the Widow of Abram Shop Grocer?"

"Indeed, iss. Home he was from College Jerusalem. Did he not drive out the Bad Man from the body of a servant woman who had spoken ill of a teacher in the College? Learned he was in the School of Sunday. What is the matter for the funeral not to come? Dear me, don't say that Esther the Widow of Abram has perished and will be put in the grave with her son! Maybe Shames has the spirit on him. Shames prays sometimes for a week without a stop."

Go we will to meet the funeral. But here is Abed bach coming on the tramping road. His belly shivers like the belly of Rhys Shop when he was found sinning with Anna in the storehouse, and his thick lips are gaped like the lips of the Schoolin' when he desires Ellen Felin.

"Boys, boys," he cries. "Are you waiting to see the funeral?"

"Iss—iss, man," we answer.

"Then there is no funeral to be," he says. "The son of Esther is not dead."

"Well—well?" we ask.

"He is risen."

"Don't murmur idly," says the gravedigger.

"Truth sure this is," replies Abed. "Esau and Jacob and Matthew and Job were carrying the coffin

from the house into the hearse when the Big Jesus passed. He said to Esther: 'Why for you weep?' And Esther told Him how Abram was in the Palace of White Shirts, and now that her son was gone also there was none to care after Shop Grocer. The little White Jesus called up to Him Samuel Carpenter, and commanded him to unscrew the coffin. The young youth was alive."

"Goodness all," says the old boy of a gravedigger. "Will He stay long in the land?"

O males Capel Sion, much was the noise in Nain that day. Samuel took away the coffin and the screws. Shames did not pray. Luke bach the short and sweet Singer put his funeral sermon in the backhead pocket of his preacher's coat.

While the young youth was preparing to go into the Shop, Esther his mother said to him: "Boy bach, do you remember perishing?"

He answered: "No."

"Do you remember Sam Carpenter measuring you for a coffin?"

"No."

"Do you remember the White Shirt?"

"No."

"Did you hear Jesus speaking to you?"

"Iss—iss. I heard Him in Eternity."

Glad was Esther the widow woman. "Don't you hasten away, people," she said. "Stay you, and I will brew tea and make pancakes."

And do you know, O creatures, no night followed that day in Nain. Men and women went about and abroad, saying one to another of this miracle which had taken place in the house of Esther Shop Grocer. For the Big Man had raised His voice to the Chief Angel: "Put another wick in the sun."

Transport Reform *

By Alfred Warwick Gattie

TRANSPORT reform and political reform are one and indivisible. They are not the same thing; they are two different parts of the same thing. The one is dependent upon the other. There can be no transport reform without political reform. If I were a reincarnation of James Watt, George Stephenson, and Michael Faraday rolled into one, no scheme I could propound would be of any avail so long as it was opposed by the combined Front Benches of the House of Commons, a majority in the House of Lords, and the whole of the permanent officials of the Government Departments of Whitehall, backed by an army of railway sinecurists and contractors.

There is not one single member of any of the above groups who is in favour of transport reform in any shape, and who is not terrified at the prospect of investigation of railway affairs.

Your Past President, Mr. Collins, has pointed out that, notwithstanding our geographical and other great natural advantages, inland freight rates in this country are the highest in the world. What becomes of these surplus receipts? Whom do they benefit?

Mr. Basil Peto in the House of Commons has charged the railways with an annual shortage of millions of money unaccounted for, and not a single member of the Government dared to answer him.

The Government ignored what they could not disprove, and forced upon the obedient Legislature a further raising of railway rates to the further detriment of the trade of the country. If there is anyone here who supposes that the Government were unaware that their action was pre-

* A paper read at the Annual General Meeting of the Institution of Municipal and County Engineers at Blackpool, June 29th, 1916.

judicial to the country, I can undeceive him. Two ex-Cabinet Ministers, then members of the Government, with whom I have discussed this question, have admitted that our high freight rates act as a protective tariff in favour of the foreign producer and against the home producer. High freight rates act as a bounty in favour of the foreigner. There is not a single member of the present Cabinet who has attempted to dispute so patent a fact. The fiscal policy this country has pursued for years is inconsistent with both Free Trade and Tariff Reform.

The fiscal system of this country has for years been one of protection in favour of the foreigner by means of extortionate inland freight rates. Then why is every Cabinet Minister and every permanent official so bitterly opposed to economic reform of railways?

There is only one conceivable interpretation to put upon the attitude and the words of the Government.

The shortage of millions of railway money is beyond dispute.

If investigation is "unnecessary," it must be because the Government know what becomes of the missing money.

If investigation is "undesirable," it is because the direction in which the missing money is spent is one of which the country would not approve and would put a stop to.

It is not necessary or possible to produce cheques and counterfoils in proof of a conclusion to which every fact clearly points.

I cannot produce cheques, but I can put forward the hypothesis in highest accord with the observed phenomena.

The facts are absolutely damning: the money is missing—Government will not allow investigation. The Government identify themselves with the defaulters, and resort to every conceivable subterfuge to hide the truth. Why are the Government so anxious to deny the country rational transport reform?

I will tell you why. Transport reform strikes at the very heart of political chicanery. It tears up by the roots the whole iniquitous system of secret party funds, upon which the political machine depends for its existence, and without which it could not live for an hour. Transport

reform cuts off the supply at the main. Without secret party funds it would be impossible to allot constituencies to the nominees of the professional politicians. Constituencies might elect their own nominees—which would never do, from a Front Bench point of view.

How could the election expenses of Mr. Tribich Lincoln, the German spy, be paid?

Without secret party funds, how could the election expenses be paid of those who go into Parliament as the subsidised tools of the Front Benches? Can such men be representatives of the people?

No. They represent political chicanery, and nothing else. We don't want them.

Now let us consider who it is who provides these *secret* party funds, and *why* they provide them. Does anyone suppose that they are philanthropically provided to ensure the particular advantages of a Liberal or a Conservative Government? If so, why are their subscriptions kept so close a secret, and why do they subscribe so impartially to both parties?

These moneys are paid to the party funds as the price of blindness.

The main support of political chicanery is railway chicanery. Do away with the one and you will do away with the other.

The country does not want either, and can no longer afford such abominations.

What is the meaning of "wheels within wheels," words used by an ex-Cabinet Minister to explain the disinclination of the Government to examine railway expenditure?

Secret party funds are provided partly by the sale of titles, but mainly in consideration of the Government (Liberal or Conservative) fostering and protecting a colossal fraud on the public. That fraud is the railway fraud.

Reform would immediately expose and put an end to that fraud.

To give you some idea of the magnitude of the results of transport reform, I may mention that Mr. Roy Horniman, in his book *How to Make the Railways Pay for the War*, now being published by Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, has estimated the loss to the United Kingdom per annum at £475,000,000; and Mr. Henry Murray, in his

book *The Railway Swindle*, now being published by Messrs. Grant Richards, has estimated this loss at £500,000,000.

I believe both these estimates to fall far short of the mark.

The late Professor Ayrton, an economist to the finger-tips, said: "I can see no end to the economies of this reform; they are too far reaching for me to grasp. No man can see the end of them."

The parties for and against economic reform of transport may be divided as under:—

For reform:

Scientists, traders, economists, literary men generally, and last, but not least, municipal and county engineers.

Against reform:

Professional politicians, Government permanent officials, railway directors, managers, and contractors and waggon-builders.

The scientists who are associated with the particular reform of transport we are met to discuss are as under:—

Mr. Marconi, who is a founder of the New Transport Co., Ltd.

The late Sir William Preece, F.R.S., M.I.C.E.

Mr. James Swinburne, F.R.S., M.I.C.E.

Dr. Hele Shaw, F.R.S., M.I.C.E.; and your own colleague and Past President, Mr. A. E. Collins, M.I.C.E.

That is a sample of the type of brain and the type of man in favour of the scheme with which I am chiefly associated.

Among our opponents may be mentioned:—

Col. Sir Herbert Jekyll, K.C.M.G., late Chief of the late London Traffic Branch of the Board of Trade (now abolished as useless). Sir Herbert Jekyll is now a railway director.

Mr. W. F. Marwood, C.B., Chief of the Railway Department of the Board of Trade, not yet abolished; and Mr. Marwood is not as yet a railway director, and perhaps he never will be!

Sir Guy Granet, General Manager of the Midland Railway.

Sir Charles Owens, late General Manager of the

London and South-Western Railway, and now a director of that railway, and spokesman of the Railway Association of the United Kingdom.

The opponents of the reform would number probably a couple of thousand men. Such benefits as they derive—whatever they amount to—cost the nation £500,000,000 per annum (or more) in money; and how much in moral degradation it is impossible to say.

Sir Guy Granet declares that he will not state his objections to the proposed reform until asked to do so by the Government—which is about as safe a thing as he could have said.

Sir Charles Owens and many others content themselves by stating that the scheme is "impracticable." In forming this conclusion they have not found it necessary to visit the works of the New Transport Co. to inspect the machinery there. Plans, drawings, and models are presumably details beneath their notice.

The proposed reform consists in the introduction of Goods Clearing Houses in all large centres throughout the country. These clearing houses would be properly designed, adequately approached, and equipped with suitable modern machinery.

Terminal work, which now accounts for more than 90 per cent. of the total cost of railway transport, could be carried out in 1 per cent. of the time and on 1 per cent. of the space now occupied in doing this work, and these economies would lead to further gigantic economies in rolling stock, in labour, and in many other directions.

The net results of this reform would be two.

The first of these would be that the whole nation would have the advantage of quick, cheap, and safe goods transport; and the second would be that the railway companies would earn greater profits for their shareholders and be able to pay better wages to their workpeople.

These are the claims made on behalf of the scheme, and I will ask you to note that these claims have never been disputed. They have not only not been disputed, but they have been strongly supported by the Report of Mr. Edgar Harper, who was nominated to examine into the matter by a Cabinet Minister—Mr. John Burns.

Mr. Edgar Harper was formerly Chief Statistical Officer of the London County Council, and is now Chief Valuer of Inland Revenue.

On the other hand, Sir Herbert Jekyll, formerly Chief of the late London Traffic Branch of the Board of Trade, and now a railway director, while not specifically disputing any of the claims made, is opposed to the reform on the ground that "railway arrangements are excellent"; he has also stated that any inquiry into the alleged excellences "is unnecessary and undesirable." He does not believe in machinery. He informed me that if I made a free gift of the Clearing House machinery to the Crown, it would be unacceptable if any condition were made of giving any assistance.

No. 1.*

The diagram shows: That the laden mobility of a waggon is less than 1 per cent. of its lifetime; that the unladen mobility is about 2 per cent. of its lifetime, and that it is immobile for 97 per cent. of its lifetime; that there are 1,410,746 of these waggons representing a capital value of about £130,000,000.

That their maintenance during the 20-year term of their existence amounts to a further sum of £130,000,000.

That they occupy 15,000 miles of sidings, chiefly in or near to urban centres, having a land value of £300,000,000.

That the cost of maintenance and renewal of these sidings amounts to £190 per mile per annum, or a total cost over a period of 20 years of £57,000,000.

Here is a diagram showing the life of a railway goods waggon. It is exactly six years old to-day. It was first shown at my lecture at the London Chamber of Commerce on June 29th, 1910. On that occasion I said:

"In compiling the figures I am now going to show you I have taken the greatest care, but I make no pretence to infallibility, and if I have blundered I shall be grateful to any gentleman in the audience who will amend my figures. I am, at least, trying to tell the truth; if I succeed, I believe I shall do the railway companies the greatest possible service; if I fail to do so, under stress of circumstances, no one will regret it more than I shall. One thing I promise: I will at once acknowledge, and gladly correct, any error which may be pointed out to me."

* The Diagrams are omitted here.

The red portion shows the period of laden mobility; the next division may be called debatable ground; and the next division is unladen mobility. The remaining 97 per cent. of its life the waggon is in detention. The figures are the closest approximation to the truth at which I am able to arrive. The Board of Trade officials, Sir Herbert Jekyll, and Mr. W. F. Marwood may choose to say that such results are "excellent," but no reasonable man can regard such a statement as anything else but a piece of unblushing official insolence.

This diagram proves that a greater number of waggons are bought by railways than can be actually required under any circumstances; but under the system of rapid loading and unloading which I am going to explain to you, not one-tenth of the present number of waggons would be needed.

Why do railway managers buy more waggons than are needed? Why do Board of Trade officials regard their doing so with such warm approval?

They are not likely to tell you, but possibly you may think the following fact throws light upon the subject:—

In America prices, as a rule, are higher than they are in this country; but over there railway waggons are much cheaper. When I was in America the sales manager of Messrs. Pullman and Co. quoted me $1,100 for a 40-ft. waggon. I told him that I would have to pay more than twice that sum in England for a 40-ft. waggon. "Yes," he said, "but your waggons have to comply with the requirements of the Board of Trade, and they are very expensive people to deal with. Our waggons do very well for us."

I consider that such a chain of circumstances requires explanation, but Sir Herbert Jekyll has informed me that any investigation into railway matters is "unnecessary and undesirable."

I must here remind you that the Government allow Board of Trade officials to receive highly paid directorships on their retirement from Government service from the hands of the very men they are supposed to have supervised while they were in office. Why are they given these directorships?

The cost price of these waggons is about £130,000,000; their upkeep is about £4 per annum per waggon on 1,410,746 waggons. They idly occupy about £300,000,000 worth of sidings for 97 per cent. of their time. The upkeep of a mile of sidings amounts to £190 per annum on a mileage of 15,000 miles. The land is mostly in and about large urban centres; some of the land so occupied in London has been valued at £4 per square foot.

I will now show you the result of this sort of extravagance.

No. 2.

This diagram shows that, between the years 1869 and 1912, the gross receipts of railway companies have increased 200 per cent., and that coincidently their working expenditure has increased 290 per cent.

This is a diagram showing how the growth of expenditure outstrips the growth of revenue. The reverse should be the case. Every conceivable circumstance points to the conclusion that the rate of increase in expenditure should be much less than the rate of increase in revenue.

Railway expenditure, according to my calculations, is £45,000,000 per annum in excess of what it ought to be.

Sir Charles Owens, in dealing with this matter in his evidence, made no reference to the inefficiency of the railway goods waggon, which is the obvious clue to it. He ignored it altogether. He attributed the state of railway affairs to three non-existent causes. These were:—

1. The increase in cost of materials;
2. The increase in demands of labour;
3. The increase in taxation;

and he stated that the excellence of railway management has done much to counteract these three untoward influences.

We will examine Sir Charles Owens' first statement—the increase in cost of material.

This leads me to my next diagram. Steel is out and away the most important material used by railways.

No. 3.

This diagram shows that, between the years 1873 and 1912, there has been an almost sheer drop in the export price of manufactures of steel from £78 per ton to £12 per ton.

This diagram shows the result of the Bessemer process. There is a drop in price of 80 per cent. from 1873 to 1912.

I may also mention that the steel rail is five times as durable as the old iron rail. I would like to say more about this subject of steel, but I must confine myself to showing you that Sir Charles Owens was mistaken in saying it had increased in price.

He was also mistaken about copper. He did not mention paper and mill-board, which has dropped 66 per cent. I mention it because it is a big item in railway work. Printing also is much cheaper.

I now come to the subject of coal.

No. 4.

This diagram shows the fluctuations in the price of coal between the years 1867 and 1912, the highest price reached being after the Franco-German war, when the average price is given at 21*s.*

You see the price of coal has fluctuated considerably, and there has been a rise in price from 10*s.* 4*d.* per ton in 1867 to 12*s.* 6*d.* in 1912. Sir Charles Owens was quite right on that point, but he forgot to mention that the locomotive had increased in efficiency from 15 to 25 per cent. and in tractive power from 83 to 97 per cent., and that the density of traffic—that is, the earnings per mile of rail—had more than doubled as from 1870 to 1913.

So much for Sir Charles Owens' contention that the cost of railway material has increased.

Now taking his second point—the increased demand of labour.

So far as labour is concerned, the alleged "increased demands of labour" had in 1907 realised a payment of less than 5*d.* per hour average over all grades. No general increase had taken place for twenty years. The pay is even now very bad.

With regard to rates, there has been an increase of a negligible amount.

The question I desire to put to you is: What could have induced Sir Charles Owens to give utterly false explanations at the Royal Commission when the true explanations were to hand? What could have induced the Railway Association of the United Kingdom to allow

so utterly false a statement to be made on their behalf without making the least protest; and, further, how came it that a Royal Commission sat and listened to such a grotesque misrepresentation of facts, the truth being well known to them?

No. 5.

This diagram shows that, on the average, a steam locomotive is only actually engaged in hauling trains for 8·34 per cent. of its time, or fourteen hours per week, that its legitimate delays are seven hours per week, and that the remaining sixty-two hours of its active life are either occupied in sorting waggons or are unaccounted for.

The detention in the shed of a steam locomotive is, of course, necessary; the legitimate delays while actually engaged in haulage work are, of course, necessary. The absorption of 75 per cent. of its energies in shunting is not at all necessary. Shunting means sorting waggons, and as a locomotive is about the worst machine for the work you can imagine, it consequently does it very badly.

A locomotive is a machine designed to haul heavy loads, but, as you see, it is chiefly occupied in sorting railway waggons by pushing them backwards and forwards. Considered as a sorting machine, a locomotive is absurd.

How absurd it is no one can realise until he takes a pack of playing-cards and lays them out on a long table and sorts them by pushing them backwards and forwards as a locomotive would do in a shunting-yard. Let him count how many hundred times he needs to move his hand, and how many hundred times he moves the cards, and how long the job takes him. Then let him sort the cards, as he naturally would, by a three-dimensional process. He will see that he has only had to move each card once, and that he can use both hands at the same time, or a dozen hands if he had them. You can't use a dozen locomotives in a shunting-yard, and even two have to wait for each other to get out of each other's way. Then let him compare the speed of one operation with the other.

The advantages of shunting, as it is called, are not at once apparent, but if you ask a waggon-builder he will soon enlighten you.

This is a list of casualties in one yard in one month, all due to shunting.

No. 6.

Shunting casualties to rolling stock in one yard in one month, all directly due to shunting :—

1. Broken buffer guide.
2. Broken drawbar, loose and broken bolts, shifted side spring, defective rubbers.
3. Bent locking bar and open end door.
4. Broken drawbar pin, through rod, and bent headstock plate.
5. Broken end stanchion.
6. Broken head stock, end plank, and bent buffer rod.
7. Broken buffer spring.
8. Broken coupling link.
9. Broken coupling link.
10. Broken through rods.
11. Broken axle box.
12. Broken "V" iron.
13. Broken drawbar.
14. Broken end plank.
15. Broken buffer spring buckle (very serious damage, involving the employment of special breakdown steam crane and gang of men).
16. Two broken end planks.
17. Open end door.
18. Broken end flap plank.
19. Broken drawbar coil spring.
20. Broken drawbar.
21. Defective coupling.

The manager of a very large firm of railway contractors told me my proposal to eliminate shunting would ruin their railway business. "Economically and scientifically, of course, you are right," he said, "but we are not philanthropists; we have to consider our shareholders."

The chairman of that firm was, and is, a director of the Midland Railway. His interests as a seller are greater than those as a buyer, consequently the Midland Railway Company approve of shunting.

(To be continued.)

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

John Bull and His Irish Yoke

By Austin Harrison

ONLY cynics and politicians can have been surprised at the failure of the Irish negotiations. That the Prime Minister once more showed himself incapable of leading or making up his mind—this was to be expected: it is our daily medicine; but, in truth, neither Mr. Asquith's indetermination nor Lord Lansdowne's obstinacy brought about the rupture; the Irish "settlement" failed because in all its essentials it is a psychological problem, as Mr. Filson Young has pointed out, and a problem so elusive in its complexities and so stiff and patterned with prejudice is not (as Pat would say) "after being" solved by mere well-intentioned enterprise or by any punch-work of comity or compromise, even in the stress of war. And though the politicians fashioned a life-like effigy, they could not breathe life into it. The attempt to "rush" things by hasty surface philosophy broke down before the psychology of Ireland—Celtic, mystic, incalculable.

So the Irish problem remains with us in its dual inconvenience, the conflict of psychologies, which again may be divided into two categories: the one, the inherent Irish question of the Irish and of Irish interests—political, religious, and racial; the other, its military or strategic aspect in its relation to British and Imperial unity, and, coupled with that, its repercussion on England, on Parliament and British politics, and the very morphology of Cabinet government, and so the whole character of our public life. For with the march of time Ireland has become more an English than an Irish question, the incubus of which is even more disastrous in its manifestations and influences here than in Ireland, because whereas in Ireland

it is at least the inspiration of a policy, in England it is the indirect negation of all policy.

The English side of the problem is simple. First and last, it is military, for Ireland is an island, and if the war has taught us little else, it has shown the impossibility of ever again neglecting the strategic defence of these shores, and the necessity of a national policy. There is no need to insist upon that point, which will in future be associated with the name of Casement. I do not regard that as a deterrent to Home Rule. That also is psychological, and should be capable of satisfactory adjustment, the solution of the part being the solution of the whole. None the less, it remains the grammar of the question imperially viewed, and until that quintessential condition of a Nationalist Ireland is settled, the Irish problem will be with us.

The secondary side of the Irish difficulty is its reflection upon our public life and politics. And here we are face to face with an intolerable situation, which cannot be allowed to continue. It may be summed up in the paradox that Ireland really governs England through trying to obtain the right to govern herself.

Few men conversant with politics will deny this. For years the Irish tyranny (I use the word in its classic sense) has permeated and vitiated our public life. It is the explanation of our two-Party rigidity, that organised quarrel which pivots on Ireland; it is the explanation of Mr. Asquith and his expurgated Coalition; it is the explanation of the Rump. Astride the centre of the political see-saw of Unionism *versus* Liberalism there stands Mr. Redmond with his ludicrous Irish over-representation, and always he is in a position to swing Mr. Asquith up or press Mr. Bonar Law down, according as he deems it politic, his action being determined by specifically local considerations. Parliament, as is admitted, is controlled by the Irish; in turn it defines and controls the Government. Imperial, national, purely English questions are literally at the mercy of this Government by check, as the workaday solution for which the Prime Minister has evolved the specious formula, "Wait and see." The total absence of responsibility is also the fruit of this tyranny, it being obvious that the more Ministerial responsibility is enforced the greater becomes

the power of the controlling agency which, alone of all parties, is a permanent force and sufficiently large to be decisive. Thus the power of Liberalism rests on this Irish lever. As we know, in 1914 we were confronted with the imminence of civil war. It is the truth that the weakness, dilatoriness, flabbiness, failures and omissions of the Government in war are largely due to the Irish stranglehold on the independence and power of action of the Ministry, which exists absolutely by Irish tolerance.

To-day the very word "Government" provokes a smile. Mr. Asquith survives with the remnants of his strictly Irish Cabinet solely on account of the Irish representation, and so much is this recognised that his political opposition have nicknamed him "indispensable": the reason being that they fear the Irish opposition in the event of a proper war Government, or any alternative Government. Because the majority which sent Mr. Asquith into power is itself governed by a minority, or the Irish representation, at Westminster, which has insisted on placing itself outside the pale of citizenship in its duty of service to the State.

Let me repeat the words written in this REVIEW, June, 1916: "The Governor of England is the political Governor of the Prime Minister, and he stands outside both law and responsibility. The majority exists by *force majeure* of Mr. Redmond, who refuses to allow the Military Act to be applied to Ireland . . . and the whole is governed by an Irish faction which does not even know what is going on in Ireland and declines even the citizenship of British civilisation. This is the basis of Mr. Asquith's indispensability, because, owing to the Irish over-representation, the Unionist Coalition Ministers hesitate to upset the Government for fear of Irish opposition in the event of an alternative Government: no other. Mr. Asquith survives because Mr. Redmond might be able to knock down a proper War Government."

If it be objected that this is a distortionate picture of Irish power, let us, then, turn to the Irish themselves. The need for holding back having passed, the voluble Mr. Dillon gave away the Irish case, August 1st, with Celtic communicativeness. The Irish now are rather vexed with Mr. Asquith; they want to frighten him a bit, or pretend that they are annoyed, so Mr. Dillon spoke out.

He bemoaned the docility and silence of the Irish during late years and rejoiced that a different spirit was rising in the House towards the Government. The Irish had maintained silence as regards the "*indescribable and incredible blundering* of the War Office over recruiting in Ireland. We could have made it pretty hot for the Government," he threw in, "but they had kept silence regarding the *outrageous conduct of the war*." The War Office had muddled the war abroad and at home. The Liberal Government had maintained office for several years through the steady and loyal support of the Nationalists. This plain blunt outburst was described in the Press as having caused a sensation, which almost reached the heights of delirium when, *incredibile dictu*, Mr. Asquith was seen to cross the floor to the Irish benches and have a crack of evident merriment with its author.

So m(h)urder will out. Now we know. The Irish consider the Government's conduct of the war "outrageous," yet they *said nothing*. Why? There is only one answer. Because they thought and acted as Irish politicians and not as national-thinking citizens in war. Because they wanted Mr. Asquith shielded and kept in power to serve their own border politics, and so ignored the national or military necessities of Britain. And so we learn that though they "could have made it pretty hot for the Government," they deliberately chose to support an incompetent Ministry in their own political interests.

Such is the English aspect of the Irish problem, illustrated. Political cynicism can go no further. The Irish knew their power. They knew that the Government was "outrageous" and that Britain's cause was suffering in consequence, and yet they acclaimed it, and by their attachment prevented this country from obtaining an efficient War Government, with what ultimate cost in life and wealth time alone can show. And Mr. Dillon spoke the truth. On this occasion he wanted to speak the truth, to rub it in. Ruling England, because holding Mr. Asquith and his majority, and so the country, in their pockets, the Irish did not think of England, they thought of Ireland and of what, through Mr. Asquith, they could obtain for Ireland. And, Irish affairs being always associated with comedy, as they placed Ireland and the local politics of Ireland before

England and her truth and life in war, so in turn Irishmen, through the hot-gospellers of Sinn Féin, placed Ireland before the tired casuistry of their politicians. If Mr. Redmond ill-served Britain during the war, he ill-served Ireland too—by neglecting her, by failing to keep himself in touch with Irish thought and conspiracy, by failing, in short, towards this country as its indirect ruler, and towards Ireland as her accredited leader.

There is no use disguising this ugly truth. We may make as many excuses for Mr. Redmond and the Irish as we please. The fact is that he, and they, have failed—towards the Irish and the British.

I do not say this in any hostile spirit. In many good ways Sinn Féin has cleared the air. But if we are to solve this question, it must be faced; above all, that hypocrisy which the Irish so justly accuse us of must be dropped. And what we find is a double deception: the Irish members retaining in office an "outrageous" Government, Sinn Féin regarding them likewise as outrageous. To this pass have Irish politics reduced us. Exposed by Sinn Féin, the Irish in their own despite expose Mr. Asquith. It is a vicious circle, utterly discreditable to all concerned. And the trouble is that its solution here seems almost as baffling as its solution there. We cannot get on in England because of it. It is the sore in our public life.

We can trace its incidence everywhere.

In all the Allied countries Ministries and Ministers have fallen during the war, and the changes have been for the good. But in this country we have to stuff our consciences with the deceit of Ministerial "indispensability," though we know there is no such thing, simply because the Irish are over-represented in Parliament, and by contract with the Prime Minister and his peace majority they conspire to govern England, not in our interests, which to-day are those of war, but in the interests of a part of Ireland. Such is the position. The Unionists are afraid to put out Mr. Asquith because they fear the Irish opposition; the Irish will not put out Mr. Asquith because they fear that under another Government they might not be able to enforce Home Rule. And so the stagnation continues—*under the palsy of Irish Parliamentary terrorism*. And we in Britain have to put up with "Wait and see" and all the futilities

of Mr. Asquith and his servile Rump because of this *bloc*; because Mr. Redmond is in the position of being able to say to us: "You can have a proper War Government if you meet our demands (in themselves fantastically irrelevant in war), otherwise you will have to go on muddling as best you can with your Committees and your apostolic grease-pot."

Mr. Redmond holds us in the palm of his hand. Now he frightens the Cecils, now Mr. Asquith, while potential discord looms in the offing. Of statesmanship not a trace. Mr. Asquith's paralysis is complete. The fact is, he cannot govern except by Irish licence. For he knows that if the Irish turn on him he is done, counted out. His "indispensability" means his aptitude on the Irish leash to continue.

I ask, is it not time that John Bull made one honest attempt to rid himself of the yoke of his other island?

Now, the sort of men elected by popular vote are not likely to pay much attention to psychology. As vote-jobbers, it is not their business. In the absence—unavoidable, as we have seen—of strength and statesmanship of Government, it would appear almost idle to expect any solution through the politicians, themselves hidebound by party convention, which itself is determined by the caucus. As, indeed, we have discovered, when at the eleventh hour Mr. Lloyd George with his claims of expediency sought issue with the baffling psychology of Irish intellectual Nationalism.

For if we turn to the Irish side of the question, it is this intellectual aspect of Nationalism which immediately arrests attention. Brutally, yet, I believe, truthfully, stated, the English claim to govern Ireland is feudal, whereas the Nationalist ideal is characteristically intellectual. And bringing this premiss to bear on the Irish problem, we get at once to one of the essential truths of Ireland—the intellectual impatience of an imaginative people. In plain words, the Irish are far more intellectually alert and perceptive than the English. They resent control by a nation whom they regard as dull and obtuse. Their Nationalism is basically *intellectual*, only secondarily political.

Undoubtedly it is to this mental activity that the Irish owe their sway over affairs, whether in Parliament, in the Dominions, or in America. The Irish are always "on top,"

except as money-makers. At Westminster, as every man knows, they dictate by intellectual superiority.

For a great many years Bernard Shaw has been dinning this into our ears. Mr. Dillon intimated as much when he told us they knew Mr. Asquith's Government in war was "outrageous." Of course they did. Free from our party subjectivity they are perfectly able to estimate the Prime Minister and his political friends at their true values, and they know that they are more capable, more intellectually alive, than the gentlemen they tolerate, and make us tolerate, for their own advantages. The Irish question is thus in its inspiration and logic intellectual, nationally and impersonally. And I cannot help thinking that in the realisation of this fact we may ultimately find the common basis of settlement.

We may say that the Home Rule feud represents the difference of intellect *versus* tradition; we, on our side, persisting in viewing Ireland from the angle of Cromwellian governance, which, besides being the last thing we possess to-day in England, either in spirit, form, or genius, is in its applied feudal anachronism peculiarly distasteful to Irishmen intellectually hostile to all shams and hypocrisies —the deposits of Puritanism.

Vaguely, no doubt, we do realise this. Always the intellectual honesty and impersonalism of the Irish enthral us, nor can any man who objectively considers the question of Irish rule be surprised that a race so virile, so alive, so spiritually fermentative, should smart under the survival of Castle rule, whether conducted or not conducted by one estimable K.C. or by another. Intellectually the thing is absurd. The notion of the author of *Obiter Dicta* as Protector of Ireland is fantastic, judged by any intellectual canon which is, as it happens, the canon of Ireland; the whole system of Castle Government has not only admittedly broken down, but shrieks against the spirit of the age and the dignity of both peoples. Even its jewels have been stolen. In form it is childish; its quasi-restoration implies political bankruptcy.

Now, we do accept this intellectual honesty of the Irish. When the Irish players came to London most of us were astonished at the beauty of speech as spoken on the stage of the Irish theatre, the unsuspected rhythm of the English

tongue, the subtlety of idiom, the purity of diction; and in the plays of Synge we recognised a great artist. It was a revelation. We have nothing like this hempen art in England, where the music-hall and musical comedy are the mental fare of the populace. Well, in Ireland there is no vulgarity; in its place we find humanity. In Ireland all men are "gentlemen." Wherever the Irish genius touches upon art, the work is intellectually honest—I know of no Irish commercial artist—and this truth of aspiration, which is the soul of all art, is imaged in the Irish intellectual sphere whether it takes the form of Gaelic linguistic revival or that hot-head idealism which found expression recently among the poets of Sinn Féin.

It is true we do not find the Irish among the philosophers, but as the leading philosophers of the world are Germans, perhaps that is not a disadvantage. What has Kant done for Germany? Nor are the Irish, it may be urged, constructive; my point is that, intellectually, they are splendidly and impersonally honest. In letters they lead, so far as form is concerned, and I should say our best journalists are Irishmen.

The Irish stand out in our British civilisation as the aristocracy of intellect. There may be Irish millionaires, no doubt there are, but in character the Irish are the exact counterpart of the Jews. They use the activities of the mind for *ideas*, not for gold. All over the world the Irish shine and strive for abstract principles and ideas, for the power of the mind, rarely for commercial gain, whereas we abominate ideas and fear nothing so much as intellectual liberty.* There is rhythm, a considerableness in every Irishman. What, indeed, should we be without him? We who despise the artist, the star-finder, the discoverer, and the man who places his own truth before success.

How different is the attitude of Ireland, where poets lurk in every bog and peat-hut, and men talk with the savour of Shakespeare! Almost every second Irishman can write

* Russia is the country of intellectual liberty, England of political liberty. You can talk political sedition all Sunday in Hyde Park, but books and plays here are at the mercy of the libraries, Grundy, and commercial convention, plus that insular pruriency which thinks that morality begins and ends with the flesh. We shun the divorced woman, but Viscount Grey is introduced to the Peers by Lord Haldane!!

an essay, and who ever heard an Irishman drop his h's? Language with the Irish, as with the French, is a natural pride; it is never debased or vulgarised, and the reason is the absence of the commercial or vulgar spirit.

It is not therefore surprising that, intellectually, England and Ireland do not understand each other; we who under the collar of our national bugaboo—hypocrisy—think and act by fashion and convention, whereas in Ireland the husbandry is of the soul. True, there is the cantankerousness of the Irish character to contend with, the striving idealism, the warring waywardness, the inconsequence, Catholicism, bigotry, paradox, in which they resemble the Poles. We view with amusement or alarm the riddle of Bernard Shaw or the concern of George Moore with his martial disquisitions on the dog nuisance. The shillelagh attitude disquiets our unimaginativeness; on the other hand, we are very glad of it—at the front. It is, of course, a complex problem. None the less, the diagnosis of Nationalism is in the main this intellectualism of thought and purpose. You appeal to an Irishman through the mind, not through the purse. You will find him in all forms of conspiracy where ideas are formulating; in the Intelligence Departments of Governments; all over the Press; and always there where men fight; you will seek him in vain in the market-places and counting-houses where God's truth is the glint of gold. While we speak of the "crazy" Irishman, he speaks of the humbug Englishman. Indeed it is not singular that the Irish want to govern themselves. For they feel it to be their intellectual right, and really it is difficult with any honesty to dispute the justice of their claim.

And so our complementary psychologies clash. Yet once we bring ourselves to recognise in the Irish no longer a conquered race, but a very beautiful and essential part of our civilisation, whom we have every reason to be proud of, to encourage and to help maintain their idiosyncrasy, there should be no real obstacle to that fusion of interest which can only find its solution in the selfishness of a single commonwealth. Sir Edward Carson has extended his hand—and it is the most statesmanlike act since the war—there is surely no need for us to be more Orange than Ulster. Here again we find the quick intellectual honesty of the Irishman. Moreover, what succeeded with the

Boers should succeed with far greater likelihood with the Irish.

In Sir E. Carson's bow to Mr. Redmond there lies the seed of hope and union. Let them but agree to agree, and Ireland will settle herself, and together they can "settle" the Coalition and help England beat the Boches and attain to a constructive Imperialism. I would only remind Nationalism that now that we know they regard the Government's conduct of the war as "outrageous," they will no longer have any excuse for not helping all patriots to get a better one: in their own interests also. In this sense Ireland can fulfil two destinies.*

If, then, Irish Nationalism is, as I believe, inherently intellectual in its separatist or political idealism, it is here on the intellectual field that we can mate. We are big enough to risk the experiment, even after Sinn Féin. I do not think for a moment that Ireland for Ireland would necessarily promote an anti-British tendency—rather would it lead to the contrary spirit—or need in a military sense constitute a danger to the whole. Any condition is preferable to the present sham, and it is most damnably worth trying for.

Since the Irish want to be Irish, we might at least see if we cannot be English, cannot free ourselves of this irresponsible Irish dictation which is rotting into the marrows of our life. In the interests of decent government in England and that reconstruction in the direction and control of policy that the war has forced us to recognise as our guiding national purpose, now and in the future, we shall fail in our duties towards the State if we do not make one brave attempt to find in Ireland not only the opportunity to rid the Irish of us, but very particularly England of that blight which saps our virility and shames the truth of our civilisation.

* Were the Irish to settle their really rather infantile differences, United Ireland would hold and run England, and any afternoon they could put out Mr. Asquith and restore to this country its liberty of action. Thus, while the Irish implore us to give them Ireland, patriots here implore the Irish to let England be England. If they won't, the Rump will go on, and the "Indispensables" will prolong their agony indefinitely.

The Pan-German Scheme. II*

By Custos

To turn to the Balkans. The consequences of the Treaty of Bucarest were not fatal to Pan-Germanic ambitions in the Balkan Peninsula only, but they brought into relief the inner political evolution of Austria-Hungary, a policy which for some years past had threatened all the Kaiser's plans. Previous to the war Austria-Hungary—*i.e.*, the greater part of the nationalities under her sway—leaned towards a *rapprochement* with France and England. Austria-Hungary numbers less than 24 million Germans and Magyars, and over 28 million Slavs and Latins, who have been oppressed for centuries by a feudal nobility, which plays the same part in the Monarchy as do the Junkers in Germany, and especially in Prussia. All these Slavs and Latins have for years past sought to obtain political rights proportionate to their numbers. This spirit has long since been a cause of anxiety to William II., well aware that if they realised their aspirations Austria-Hungary would not enter any Zollverein, the *sine quâ non* of the realisation of his plan of an exclusive German influence in the Balkans and in the East. And so it is that ever since 1890 William II. has unceasingly urged Francis Joseph not to yield to the demands of his non-German and non-Magyar subjects. His suggestions bore fruit for some time, but it was with difficulty that Francis Joseph could remain much longer deaf to the petitions of his non-German and non-Magyar subjects, owing to the increase in a considerable ratio of the prolificness of the other races. Berlin was already getting greatly alarmed at the situation, when the deep psychological influence resulting from the consequences of the Treaty of Bucarest

* The volume dealing with Pan-Germanism, by M. André Chéradame, will be published shortly by John Murray.

upon the Slavs and Latins of Austria-Hungary suddenly aggravated matters from the Pan-Germanic point of view. For indeed these races saw in the Slav victories of 1912, and the success of Rumania in 1913, the triumph of the principle of nationalities—*i.e.*, of their own cause. Had peace lasted, Francis Joseph would have once more been face to face with the unsolved problem, a solution of which his subjects would have clamoured for more loudly than heretofore. As these subjects were opposed to German aims, William II. clearly saw that a barrier was about to be erected across his path. Austria-Hungary would not have followed his leadership, and so he saw no other issue but war, and an immediate war at that. The Pan-Germanic plan must be met by the Allies' resolution to exterminate Prussian militarism once and for all time. The Allies are not seeking military glory, but a certainty that "it will not begin again," and that their children shall not experience the horrors they have known. We shall emerge victorious from this war if we are guided by what we have learnt of the facts governing the war. These facts are the economic, strategic, geographical, and ethnological ones constituting the Pan-Germanic plan. The imperious necessity of escaping financial ruin compels the Allies to win an integral victory, for it can alone save the Allied countries from financial ruin; for, whatever certain people may say, Germany will be able to pay the cost of the war which she let loose. If it is argued that the credit of the German Empire will disappear on the day of its defeat, its material resources will still remain. Germany will certainly be able to pay an indemnity by instalments into the coffers of all the Allies; this indemnity may be estimated at £80,000,000 per annum as the share of each and every Ally.

It would prove fatal to allow Germany to call a "drawn game." The war must be waged to the bitter end. A "drawn game" peace would leave each one of the Allies to bear his expenses in the war and seriously affect their financial standing. Should Germany, after a victorious onslaught by the Allies, evacuate Poland, the French departments, Belgium, and Luxemburg, and restore Alsace-Lorraine to France—nay, more, cede by way of indemnity the whole of the left bank of the Rhine on the sole condition of being suffered to retain a direct or indirect pre-

ponderating influence over Austria-Hungary, the Balkans, and Turkey, it must be borne in mind that her restitution would only be temporary, for, after a brief period of respite, she would be in a position, with the support of her Austro-Hungarian and Balkanic friends, to inaugurate a fresh war with the object of bringing her plan to a successful issue. The tightening of the maritime blockade exercised by England will doubtless throw obstacles to the provisioning of the great German fortress, but as long as Germany enjoys the "open door" in the East, the blockade will not have sufficient power to starve Berlin. German agriculturists are already engaged in tapping the wealth of the Anatolian soil. Should Germany be given time enough, she will derive from the Ottoman Empire far more resources than is generally imagined.

Greece has to be considered when peace is discussed. Her interests cannot be on the German side, for were she to continue remaining neutral, and Germany get the upper hand in a "drawn game" peace, Greece would discover too late that Germany would promptly lay her hands on the railway line from Monastir to Salonika—a line which now extends to the Piræus, and which permits of a faster journey to Egypt and the Far East. Seventy hours are required to cross from Brindisi to Alexandria, while sixteen hours are sufficient when sailing from the Greek port, so Greece may still throw in her lot with that of the Allies. Prince Nicholas, King Constantine's brother, wrote a letter which appeared in the *Temps*, February 20th, 1916, in which he said: "Greece has remained neutral, *but she has never declared that she would not at any cost abandon her neutrality*." And in March of this year General Danglis, a former Minister of War in the Venizelos Cabinet, declared that Greece should at once get her army in readiness and be prepared, "for Greece will, beyond doubt, be compelled to have recourse to her forces during the present war." In regard to Greece, the Allies committed the initial blunder of running counter to the psychological feeling of the Hellenes against the Bulgars. It was impossible to win them over to an operation against Constantinople, but it would have been feasible to have secured their assent to the march of the Allies *viâ* Salonika, with the object of attacking Austria and Germany by way

of Hungary. Had the Allies suggested to Athens an expedition *viâ* Salonika early in 1915, Greece might have hailed the proposition enthusiastically, for, as the *Ēmbros* said: "If Bulgarian territory is looked upon by the Austro-Germans as a passage to Constantinople, why should not Greek territory be considered a passage for the Anglo-French towards Serbia? And if the Bulgars, taking advantage of the Imperial armies before Nish, flocked to their side in order to attempt to share with them Greek and Macedonian Serbia, why should not Greece vigorously parry this threat by at once joining forces with the Triple Entente" (January, 1915). But the Dardanelles expedition, conceived erroneously in the eyes of the Greeks, caused the cooling off of Greek sympathy for the Allies, and all the more so because the Hellenes entertained serious doubts as to the Entente's final victory. Baron Schenck was thereupon sent by the Kaiser to influence Hellenic opinion, which was turned against the Allies. But consequent upon our establishing ourselves at Salonika, where we have erected powerful defensive works, from which the Greeks already derive and will derive advantages in the future, the feelings of Greece are once more veering towards us. Greece is beginning to recognise that this evolution of thought is in conformity with their interests—*i.e.*, the preservation of their independence. The French success at Verdun has likewise been a powerful factor in influencing Greek opinion. The Allies should further increase the strength of this influence by urging England to consent to the sending of 100,000 men by Portugal to Salonika, which would convince the Greeks that the Allies are in earnest as regards the Salonika plan.

With regard to Bulgaria, she has been driven to her course by the German argument that Southern Serbia is Bulgarian. This is far from being the case; Southern Serbia or Macedonia constitutes a country inhabited by mixed nationalities, and the Bulgars cannot claim legitimately that the Treaty of Bucarest, by awarding the south-west of Macedonia to Serbia, has violated to their detriment the principle of nationalities. Precisely because Macedonia contains a population of mixed nationalities, it is impossible to apply this principle in her case. The country must belong to Serbia, whose economic and defen-

sive interests require that she should be in direct geographical communication with Greece, and possess, by means of Salonika, an access to the Ægean Sea—an access indispensable to her. Bulgaria's plan has the same object as the Pan-Germanic one—*i.e.*, the absorption, brushing aside all question of language or of race, of all territories the acquisition of which is considered necessary to Bulgaria, who wishes to dominate in the region of the Black and Ægean Seas and gain a mastery over Serbia.

There are in Austria-Hungary and Serbia 34 million inhabitants practically free from German elements, and composed of vigorous races more prolific than the Germans. This would allow of the creation in Central Europe of a United States which might in the future become the nucleus of the United States of Europe. Thus would be erected a very powerful barrier against a future attack on the part of Pan-Germanism. The erection of such a barrier would prove the solution of the problem set to the world by the ambition of the Hohenzollern. It would free numerous nationalities from the Prussian yoke once and for ever, and this would be to the interest not only of the Allies, but of the entire world.

Rumania becomes daily a subject for increased anxiety to the framers of the Pan-Germanic plan of 1911. For long years past Rumania's desire has been that her foreign policy should not be one dictated from Vienna or Berlin. Rumania drew away from the Triplice's orbit when, in 1913, she opposed Bulgaria. To-day her attitude is governed by her sole interests. The late King Carol, who, although he ruled forty-eight years over Rumania, was a German to the core, most unwillingly accepted Rumania's intervention against Bulgaria for the reason that he drew his inspirations from his Vienna and Berlin relations. "But in Rumania," wrote M. Michel C. Vladesco, a Rumanian artillery subaltern, in a letter addressed to the *Temps* in March last, "matters cannot go on as they do in Greece at the present time. The monarch must *se soumettre ou se démettre* to the delusion of his people and of his political leaders. *It was our own interests which drove us to action.*" And true it is indeed that, owing to Rumania's action, she was enabled, in 1915, to secure without a bloody battle the famous

strategic Bulgarian quadrilateral, which represents 8,340 kilometres of the best lands of Bulgaria inhabited by 150,000 Turks, 125,000 Bulgars, 17,000 Greeks and Armenians, and 3,000 Rumans. It was necessary that Rumania should seize this territory in order to defeat Bulgarian aspirations, which aimed at the possession of the whole of the Rumanian Dobrudja up to the gates of Galatz and Sulina. Now, to defend this territory Rumania needed strategical positions, and these were in the quadrilateral which the Treaty of Bucarest ceded to her. As a result of this cession, not only is Rumania protected on the south-west against a Bulgarian attack, but *she now holds powerful means for an offensive action against Bulgaria.* This fact should not be overlooked, for this quadrilateral will perhaps be made use of ere long as a highway for the Rumans in their advance against Bulgaria, since the Rumans now command for a certain distance both banks of the Danube. Now this very advantage has inspired the Bulgars with a bitter hatred of the Rumans. The year 1913 has therefore had, as a psychological result, the creation of a disguised but irreducible hostility between Bulgars and Rumans. On the other hand, the Balkanic wars having had the effect of shaking to its deepest foundations the Germano-Magyar domination in Austria, the Rumanian nation, following upon its success of 1913, has not ceased dreaming of recovering in the near future the 3,700,000 Rumans dwelling in Transylvania and Bukovina, who live much against their will under the rule of Francis Joseph. It will now be readily grasped why Rumania's interest is to take the Allies' side. The Dardanelles Expedition, it must be pointed out, by bringing to the fore the Constantinople question, alarmed the Rumans just as it did the Greeks, and gave the Rumanian Germanophils, small in numbers but very active, an opportunity of developing the thesis that the Russian peril was a greater one for the Rumans than the German one. Another fact to be noted is that the retreat of the Russians caused doubts in the Rumanian mind in regard to the ultimate success of the Entente's arms; and so it is that M. Bratiano has temporised, in spite of M. Take Jonescu, M. Filipescu, M. Xenopol, and others, who would have their country flock to the Allies' banner. M. Bratiano's

hesitation has enabled Francis Joseph to mobilise the whole of his Rumanian subjects, and to have them massacred to the advantage of Germanism. The crushing defeat of Serbia has cut off Rumania's communications with Salonika, and so brought about the encircling of Rumania by the Austro-Boches-Bulgars from the Bukovina to the Black Sea. Nevertheless, and in spite of this disadvantage, Rumania, like Greece, finds herself face to face with *faits accomplis*, and is compelled to defend her interests if she wishes to ensure her future independence.

For some time past it has been argued that Germany's defeat will result to no small extent from her lack of food supplies. And yet for the first eighteen months of the war the Allies did not clearly discern the conditions indispensable to the realisation of this conception. In order to succeed promptly the blockade should have been peripheric, that is, both by land and by water. The maritime blockade, as stated even in English newspapers, has been illusory; as to the blockade by land, one has but to look at a map to realise that it could not be enforced excepting by the military encircling of Austro-Germany in the East—in other words, by the arrival at the right moment of Allied troops at Salonika. This logical plan for the economic exhaustion of Germany not having been followed by the Allies, Germany has been able to re-victual herself through her conquests, which have afforded her fresh fields of resources. Nevertheless, Germany is, even at the present day, unable to procure all the food-stuffs she so sorely stands in need of. Hence the land blockade would long since have brought about Germany's capitulation, even as early as 1915, had it been carried into effect between Belgrade, Budapest, and the Galician Carpathians, thus depriving Austro-Hungary of all the resources she can still draw freely from Turkey, the Balkans, Rumania, and the eastern portion of Hungary. It still remains possible to carry out an effective blockade of Germany by closing absolutely the Russian fronts, the Franco-Anglo-Belgian front, and the land and maritime front of Italy. Such are the major conditions of an effective blockade. There remain secondary conditions: the relative closing to Germany of the Baltic Sea, Denmark, North Sea, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and Greece,

which constitute "fissures" through which Austro-Germany is revictualled, but the supplies thus received could be reduced to next to nothing were the Allies to exercise a more systematic action in regard to these neutral countries. Three sectors remain completely open to the enemy: Rumania, the Balkans, and the Ottoman Empire. The importance of the success of the Salonika Expedition is now made perfectly clear, for a victory of the Allies would bring about an economic result of the utmost importance. A like victory which would imply the entry of Rumania into line would establish a solid bulkhead between the Central Empires and the East, and forcibly result in the economic blockade of Austro-Germany from Salonika to the Russian front at Czernovitz.

The whole of the Pan-Germanic military and political plan is based on three fundamental conceptions. The first embodies the Germans' monstrous ideal, which comprises the reduction to slavery of large non-German populations. Pan-Germanism is, from a certain point of view, a religion, a cult—atrocious, no doubt, like that of Moloch, but still a cult. The second conception is strictly realistic. The reign of universal Pan-Germanism requires to be based on a formidable military and economic organisation which can be realised only by a German domination extending from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf. The third conception is bound up with the second, and the two last have, for the present, been realised almost completely. Now the greatest blow which the Allies can deal is a moral, a military, and an economic blow, for it will at one and the same time have a crushing effect on the three fundamental conceptions of the Pan-Germanic plan. The geographical point where this blow can be dealt is twofold: the Salonika-Belgrade line, some 520 kilometres, and the Belgrade-Czernovitz line, some 560 kilometres long. These two lines united, and principally the second, constitute the axis of the war. The moral consequences of this blow would be the breaking of the axis at its essential point, Belgrade—a breaking which would cause a terrible shock to the military and civil German mind, which would then grasp that they must renounce their dream of a universal domination, a dream in which they still believe with the frenzy of fanatics. The economic consequences would be a complete

blockade of Austro-Germany in the East, the end of the Pan-Germanic plan of the extension of the Zollverein to Austria-Hungary, and of the economic monopoly which Germany seeks to secure in the Balkans and in Turkey. The political consequences would be the end of German influence over the Turks, Islam, the Bulgars, the Rumans, and the Greeks; the prestige of the Allies would influence all neutrals; the support of the Magyars of Budapest would be lost to Berlin, while the 23 million Slavs and Latins of Austria-Hungary would see in the Allies their liberators. As regards the military consequences, the Greeks and the Rumans would flock to the Allies' banners, in other words, bring a reinforcement of 850,000 men to bear in their favour; the certain failure of the Austro-German attempts to turn the Poles against the Russians—were these attempts to succeed the Central Powers would obtain another 800,000 men—the profoundly depressing effect on the Austro-German troops on the French, Russian, and Italian fronts.

Turning to the Salonika base, which is admirably suited for the purpose, we find that—according to figures already made public—the Allies dispose of 80,000 Italians at Valona, of 220,000 Franco-English at Salonika, and of 150,000 Serbs at Corfu—together, 450,000 men. Since Egypt is assuredly no longer threatened, at least 150,000 men could be detached from that place and sent to Salonika. To these might be added the Portuguese soldiers comprising four divisions, the organisation of which is being actively pushed forward by the Portuguese Government. Viscount Grey has stated that Great Britain would, in case of need, afford Portugal any assistance she might stand in need of. Now Portugal cannot *offer* to send her four divisions to Salonika. It becomes necessary that England, prompted thereto by France, should express the wish that Portugal should co-operate actively with them, and there is good cause to believe that Portugal would promptly respond to this request. A proclamation from the Portuguese Minister of War has just stated:—"We must wage war in any direction where our military action is in a position to deal an efficient blow to Germany's power." Now Portugal could be nowhere more useful than at Salonika. This establishes the fact that the Allies

can, without drawing on their Western units, dispose of 700,000 men along the line extending from Salonika to Valona. To oppose this host the enemy has about 770,000 men in the Balkan Peninsula. When it is considered that of the German troops a considerable fraction is compelled to keep watch on Rumania; that the Turks, of whom a large number must remain concentrated on the Black Sea, for the purpose of warding off the Russian menace, have already shown that they are chafing under German military tyranny, and that their soul would not be in a fight which would hand over the Balkans to the Bulgaro-Boches, whom they loathe, it will become manifest that the Allies can acquire an actual numerical superiority and even a strategical one, when it is taken into consideration that they would not, like the Austro-Germano-Bulgaro-Turks, have to face three fronts at one and the same time. The enemy is compelled to do this owing to the fact that there is the chance of a Greek intervention east of Serres, and a Rumanian one south of the Danube. Greeks and Rumans will no longer stand in awe of the Central Powers when the Allies have sufficient forces at their disposal at Salonika. Of her force of 400,000 mobilised men Greece can arm 250,000, while Rumania disposes of 600,000 men in arms. In conclusion, the action of the Allies *viâ* Salonika would bring to the Entente a reinforcement of at least 850,000 Greeks and Rumans. The Entente would thus control 1,550,000 men as against the 770,000 of the Central Powers. It thus becomes plain that the Allies can venture on an offensive on the Balkanic front without placing in jeopardy their elements of strength on the Western front.

(*To be continued.*)

The Truth About the Blockade

By "Outis"

WHAT is the plain man to believe about the blockade? If he takes his opinions, ready made, from the newspapers, then, indeed, there is no doubt as to the conclusions at which he must arrive. Germany, he will note with zest, is on the verge of starvation, owing to the "strangle grip" of the British Fleet, which, slowly but surely, is "bleeding" her people "white" and reducing the Central Empires to a condition of desperation. Food riots, bread-tickets, meatless days, and all-round shortages, these, with the gaunt spectre of famine hovering over the land, are the symptoms to which his attention is constantly directed. Naturally, he rejoices exceedingly at the impending collapse of the enemy, which, though long delayed, is bound to happen, now that at long last the Government have taken up the blockade in earnest and have cut Germany off from commercial intercourse with the rest of the world.

The fact is that, for the most part, the Press has proved as unreliable in this matter as the Government. At the very time when the *Westminster Gazette* and the *Daily Chronicle* delighted to flaunt "Our Implacable Blockade" in large type before their readers, some unkind person discovered a copy of the "Digest of Trade Conditions, issued by the National City Bank, Cleveland, Ohio," for March, 1916. It contained the following paragraph, which speaks for itself:—

"Our exports to Germany direct declined 146 million dollars, but to Holland, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark our imports increased by 154 million dollars, from which it may be assumed that Germany is probably receiving the usual quantity of American goods, although indirectly."

In other words, so "implacable" was the blockade that as the imports into Germany declined, so those to her neigh-

bouring neutrals increased. About the same time Sir Leo Chiozza Money—no captious critic he of the present Government—pointed out that thousands of tons of tobacco * were going through Germany for the use of her troops (tobacco is, let us remember, a most valuable stimulant for fighting men), while the figures that I set out later in this article show conclusively that the exports of eggs, fish, fruit, and meat from Holland to Germany were enormously on the increase. The "Implacable Blockade," in fact, was little better than a ghastly joke.

It would be a mistake to blame the Press too much for this ironical condition of affairs. Primarily, the Government are responsible. From the very first the authors of the Declaration of London have been more than unwilling to use our sea-power against the enemy. In so far as the blockade is effective, they have been driven, by continuous protest and pressure, into taking steps to make it so. To commence with, they were extraordinarily ill-informed as to how the blockade was to be enforced. They were pitifully ignorant of the kind of goods that Germany needed to maintain her offensive and of her existing supplies. Sir Edward Grey told the House of Commons during February, 1915, that: "The proportion of German cotton imports used in the manufacture of explosives is very small, and the requirements for that purpose could have been supplied from the stocks of cotton goods held in the country at the outbreak of the war. The advantage of treating cotton as contraband of war is therefore not apparent, whilst the disadvantage which would result from such a step is considerable."

Considering that Germany was then using not less than 2,000 tons of raw cotton per day, the fatuity of this utterance is pretty apparent. and, as we all know, five months

* The sequel to this wholesale importation of tobacco into Germany (which we could, of course, have stopped at any moment) may be found in the following illuminative paragraph in the Press :—

GERMANY'S TOBACCO SUPPLY.

Amsterdam, *Monday.*

According to a Berlin telegram, the Imperial Chancellor has prohibited the import of raw tobacco, *in view of the great stocks in Germany.*—(Reuter.)

The italics are mine.

later (Sir Edward Grey having been "instructed" in the meantime) cotton *was* made contraband.*

Again, the Government were not aware, until comparatively late in the day, that fats and fatty oils are absolutely necessary to the manufacture of munitions, and, therefore, absolutely necessary to the continuation of Germany's resistance. As I pointed out some months ago in the *Evening Standard*:—

> If we turn to Krupp's Naval and Military Ordinance, as published in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," we find that guns from 12 in. down to 4 in. have in their propulsive charge 25 per cent. of nitro-glycerine, and that for guns from 4 in. downwards a charge with at least 40 per cent. of nitro-glycerine is necessary. Germany, in fact, cannot maintain her vast output of ammunition unless she has almost limitless supplies of grease: of lard, of linseed oil, and of oleaginous nuts, seeds, and products. Stop these, and she cannot make the nitro-glycerine for her shells; stop these and you stop her arsenals, which, with their millions of drills, lathes, and engines require enormous quantities of grease for lubricating purposes. In a word, stop fat and you stop Germany's resistance.
>
> Now, what has been done by the Government to prevent fat getting to Germany? Practically nothing. Take linseed oil. On March 11th, 1915, the Government expressly excepted this oil from "Goods whose exports were prohibited to all destinations other than British possessions." A little later (May 27th) they revised this absurd decision. Linseed oil was placed on the conditional list of contraband, and continued to pour into Germany through her neighbouring neutrals. It is deplorably easy to prove this statement. If we turn to the *London Grain and Seed Oil Reporter* for October 29th we find that "Holland imported during the first nine months of the year 29,511 tons of linseed oil, as compared with 299 tons during the same period of 1914," or nearly 100 times as much. In a word, Germany, who was paying through the nose for linseed oil, was taking it in through Holland just as quickly as she could get delivery, and the placing of linseed oil on the conditional list did, in reality, nothing to stop the traffic. Had the Government made the contraband absolute, then the Fleet could have stopped every cargo, even when bound for a neutral port. But they very carefully avoided that course, with the result, of course, that oils and fats are still reaching Germany in huge quantities.

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* Cotton goods, however, are still reaching Germany. The following appeared in the Press a day or so ago:—

HUN COTTON viâ HOLLAND.

Amsterdam, *Monday.*

The *Telegraaf* says the Allies are *contemplating* (italics mine) measures to stop Dutch cotton goods from being exported to Switzerland and Rumania, as it has been proved that such goods are either intended for Germany or are stopped there.—(Exchange.)

The following are Board of Trade figures referring to cotton yarn exported from the United Kingdom to the following neutral countries:—

(In lb.)	Sweden.	Norway.	Denmark.	Holland.	Switzerland.
June, 1914	108,900	218,700	106,400	3,220,800	722,600
,, 1915	260,800	348,300	204,700	4,493,300	1,788,800
,, 1916	279,200	508,200	598,400	7,539,800	1,304,100

Who is getting the surplus?

Worse still, the oils are reaching the enemy, in many cases, straight from Great Britain, who, be it noted, supplied no less than 29,438 of the 29,511 tons that, as I have pointed out, were imported by Holland this year.

As with cotton and fatty oils, so with the other "raw materials" of war. The Government, as I made clear in the same organ, allowed certain British traders over here to dispatch enormous quantities of lead, of wire, and of "old and defective rails" (see the Board of Trade returns), all very useful things in war time, to nations in close touch with Germany. More, the very moment when we were writing of "starving Germany out" we were sending thousands of tons of preserved herrings—a most valuable food—through to the "besieged" people (*viâ* those alert Scandinavian neutrals), in addition to a large quantity of other foodstuffs very acceptable to a nation who were expecting us to make good our words to "bleed them white." And all the time that these leakages were occurring the Ministerial Committee for the better instruction of editors were assuring them that the blockade was getting more and more stringent, and that, at last, it was to be made so effective that Germany's resistance could not continue —an assurance that, as we have seen, our editors speedily passed on to their publics.

"Ah, but," it will be said, "all this belongs to a bygone epoch. Since then the blockade *has* been made effective. Since then the Government have freed the Fleet and redeemed their promise. Is not the Declaration of London dead, and do we not read of bread riots in Germany daily?"

To which I answer, first, that the Declaration of London has, in fact, only been partially annulled; secondly, that we read of similar riots eighteen months ago. A house cannot be for ever burning. A people cannot for ever go short of food. Were the German people starving in 1914-15? If so, what is their present position? Are they still undergoing the rigours of emaciation?* The idea is

* It is very interesting to note what Mr. Theobald Butler, B.A., an English professor of modern languages, who, says the *Daily Mail,* has lived continuously in Germany since 1905, has to tell us on this head. According to our contemporary, at the outbreak of war he conducted a coaching establishment for military officers and Government officials in a Prussian university town, specialising in the teaching of English and French. Being considerably over military age, he was not interned. For practically the entire duration of the war Mr. Butler resided in Berlin, which he did not leave until July 6th. He is thus in a position to give us testimony of

ludicrous. The famine which is supposed to lock the German people fast in its grip is a newspaper fiction, invented in Berlin, and intended to make the Englishman believe that his boasted blockade is a reality; and the riots—we may be sure of this—would never be reported in the censored columns of the docile German Press if they were really serious.

The fact is that these stories of German starvation are equally convenient, both for the German Government, who desire to influence neutrals and to assuage our own people, and to the Coalition Ministry, who want us to believe that Germany's position is a great deal more serious than it really is. The Coalition encourages the fiction that Germany is starving because it helps to cover up their own sins of omission; sins which they are for ever promising to make good by extraordinary efforts in the future. They, and their apologists in the Press, are always ready to admit that there has been a "certain failure" to blockade Germany in the past, but, they tell us, things are different now, and they are going to put the screw on in earnest! "Please, teacher," said the boy in the Phil May picture, "this is a bad boy—he smokes." To which the delinquent (aged six) replies: "No, teacher, I don't now; *I used to*." So with the Coalition and the blockade; it is quite true, as their supporters agree, that the Government have been somewhat lax in the matter of enforcing it, but now all that is changed. The "strangle grip" of the British Fleet is remorselessly pressing on the enemy, who are suffering the rigours of starvation, etc., etc.

Let us see how far this contention agrees with the latest figures available. Take, first, the innocuous item of rice. To a "besieged people," as the Germans are supposed to be, it is of considerable importance. So that the following extract from the daily Press is of special interest:—

"The figures in the Weekly Circular of the London Rice Brokers'

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unique value. Here it is:—"*The Germans are not starving.* They are not getting nearly so much to eat as they used to and would like, but as they mostly over-ate in peace times they are now on a more *normal* living standard than they ever were before. Conditions are unmistakably inconvenient and unpleasant—imagine Germans not even being able to get potatoes!—but anybody in England who thinks that the Germans are being defeated by hunger is dwelling in a paradise of idle dreams."

Association," says a London Daily, "show the following striking contrasts in exports from London :—

Exports of Rice from London.

January 1st to May 27th, 1915.	cwt.	Same period this year. cwt.
To Holland	247,869	905,078 (say, 45,000 tons).
To France	22,607	430
To Russia	217	400

"Thus the export to Holland has greatly increased, and the supply to France has dwindled almost out of existence. During the single week ended May 27th, 1916, 224,252 cwt. (say, 11,212 tons) was shipped to Holland from London. A rise in price to English consumers may follow a continuance of such great exports from our home supply."

In other words, the price of necessaries to our own people and to those of our Allies rise, while they fall, roughly in the same proportion to the enemy!

So much for rice. That food does not stand alone. It is merely symptomatic of the laxity with which we are "enforcing the blockade."

According to the Dutch paper, *In-en-Uitvoer* (Import and Export), the following are the figures for other edibles :—

Exports from Holland in tons.	Jan./May, 1914.	Jan./May, 1916.
Butter (total)	14,513	15,762
To England	2,495	63
To Germany	5,860	14,805
Eggs (total)	9,401	17,908
To England	3,708	572
To Germany	4,736	17,136
Cheese (total)	23,831	38,063
To England	7,178	528
To France	1,810	423
To Germany	5,708	34,520
Potato Flour (total)	41,174	60,141
To England	6,005	747
To Germany	13,491	50,115
Beef (total)	7,869	15,011
To England	5,043	236
To Germany	2,574	13,643
Mutton (total)	1,223	1,253
To England	1,281	—
To Germany	33	1,112
Pork (Total)	22,829	10,679
To England	20,484	32
To Germany	1,647	10,281

"Though Holland," says our contemporary, "is selling to Germany now, instead of to Great Britain, her old customer, thousands of tons of feeding stuffs for Holland's cattle and pigs pass from America and elsewhere through

the British blockade to fatten the beasts which pass on to Germany. Between January and April Holland received by ships, which were let through the British blockade, 432,702 tons of cereals. *More than one hundred thousand tons of maize, used mainly for fattening pigs, was included in this total.*"

We are faced, therefore, with the dreadful fact that we have actually allowed prices to be raised against our own people by making it possible for the goods in question to be supplied to the enemy. Could we indulge in a more melancholy reflection on the efficacy of the blockade? Small wonder that Mr. Hughes, the Australian Premier, should have demanded its real enforcement as the most urgent need of the Allies.

"We have now the power to enforce the blockade," said Mr. Hughes, before he left these shores, "and of making it most effective. Sweep away whatever circumstances, political or other, are in the way of preventing that blockade from being made effective. We have to choose between offending neutrals and inviting defeat. We must erect a hoop of steel through which nothing shall pass under any pretext. (Cheers.) The blockade is our most effective method for shortening the war." *

Lord Robert Cecil, it is true, still defends the blockade, which, he declares, has been a "great success." Unfortunately, the day upon which this utterance was delivered the newspapers published the following :—

Official computations by the Danish banks, Reuter states, show that on June 1st the world abroad owed Denmark £6,300,000. Naturally Denmark is commenting on the fact that instead of being in debt, as most little countries were before the war, to the world outside, Denmark is now a creditor. No doubt this is due to the enormous amount of money she has made in selling her produce to belligerents and in acting, for a time at least, as a channel for outside materials passing to Germany.

But, alas! though the most effective means of enforcing victory would be to stop these supplies, this it seems is the last thing upon which the Government will enter with whole-

* Not only do the Colonies cry out for the enforcement of the blockade, but our Allies also have demanded that it should be made a reality. M. Georges Clemenceau recently declared that "It is time that Great Britain made the weight of her will felt, especially as regards the strict application of the blockade, which has too often been relaxed out of a desire not to arouse an unpleasant quarrel with Washington. It is time to end these half-measures. We must make up our minds as to what to do, and do it. —(Reuter.)

hearted determination. This is easily proved by the official figures, published by the Netherlands Statistical Department on May 20th last:

FOODSTUFFS SENT FROM HOLLAND IN TONS.

	April, 1914.	April, 1916.	Jan. to April (1914).	Jan. to April (1916).
EGGS—				
To Germany	1,207	5,909	3,101	11,825
To Britain	935	30	2,733	557
FISH—				
To Germany	3,441	5,830	21,337	29,378
To Belgium	—	3,500	—	—
To Britain	—	1,032	—	—
FRUIT—				
To Germany	6,627	559	35,520	32,779
To Britain	624	905	3,614	4,399
MEAT—				
To Germany	958	1,378	4,156	30,621
To Britain	5,608	55	25,450	555
POTATO FLOUR—				
To Germany	4,152	3,763	13,991	43,861
To Britain	3,341	2,068	9,831	5,520
COCOA POWDER—				
To Germany	280	280	698	3,302
To Britain	444	164	2,155	1,437
BUTTER—				
To Germany	1,602	3,798	4,010	10,213
To Britain	487	18	1,387	33
CHEESE—				
To Germany	855	2,121	4,120	25,437
To Britain	1,357	71	5,624	407

Apparently these figures do not cover all the foodstuffs with which the Dutch are, thanks to our obliging Foreign Office, supplying the enemy. The Dutch Government's meat export prohibition is rendered futile, according to the Socialist *Het Volk*, by the fact that no prohibition has been declared of the export of sausage. The result is that factories in Holland are now turning out enormous quantities of sausages and sending them across the frontier.

The paper says that thousands of pounds of fresh boneless meat are being delivered daily to a certain sausage factory for ultimate export. Again, according to the Vienna *Reichspost*, Queen Wilhelmina has sent several wagonloads of condensed milk as a present to the women and children in Vienna in response to an imploring telegram from the wife of the Viennese burgomaster, Weisskirchner.

Actually, Holland is supplying the enemy with more foodstuffs than ourselves, though we have but to hold up

our hands and stop her and to starve Germany, or, at all events, very seriously to inconvenience her.

It may be urged that this is a course that we ought not to adopt. To starve non-combatants, women and children, is against the British tradition of fair play. Well, let us adopt this strangely magnanimous view—for the moment. There still remains the "raw materials" for the war, which we are allowing Germany to receive in abundance. Let us, for instance, take the question of fats and fatty oils. They are essential to Germany; without them she cannot turn the myriad lathes, drills, and engines engaged in manufacturing the shot and shell that add to our casualties day by day. Without them she cannot manufacture the glycerine that she needs for her explosives. "No lubricating oil" means, in short, that the wheels of German machinery will not go round. "No fat" means, in brief, no glycerine, so that the shells which blow our men to pieces cannot be projected. And yet what do we find? According to the *Liverpool Courier* of Friday, June 23rd, the shipments of margarine from Holland to Germany during the year 1915 increased thirteen times!

For the sake of comparison the actual figures may be tabulated as follows:—

DUTCH IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

	1912.	1913.	1914.	1915.
VEGETABLE OIL.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
Total imports	61,950	53,191	39,667	80,520
From U.S.A.	40,449	36,453	15,799	45,689
From U.K.	6,249	9,631	20,781	33,596
Other countries ...	15,252	7,107	3,087	1,235
Total exports	32,863	25,683	14,386	18,400
Excess of imports	29,087	27,505	25,299	62,040
COPRA (or dried Cocoanut, of which two-thirds is oil).				
Total imports	102,230	100,635	110,311	210,288
Total exports	78,350	82,356	77,130	106,845
To Germany	60,942	72,371	70,287	106,613
To Belgium	12,365	5,430	3,347	85
Other countries ...	5,043	4,555	3,496	147
Excess of imports	23,880	18,279	33,181	103,443
MARGARINE.				
Total exports	60,513	71,747	80,221	139,094
To Germany	3,054	1,103	1,659	21,269
To U.K.	56,179	65,618	72,395	103,980
Other countries	1,280	4,926	6,167	13,845

From the above it will be observed that during 1915 Holland was not only able to considerably increase her export of margarine to Germany and Great Britain, but *also to sell to the enemy half her supply of copra, for which, no doubt, some good use will have been found, either for food or explosives.*

So much for the value of the British Fleet *when it is paralysed by the action of the Foreign Office*. Had we used our sea power remorselessly, had we used it against Germany and her obsequient neutrals, as President Lincoln and his Cabinet used it against us and the Southern States when he stopped cotton reaching Lancashire and food reaching the Confederacy, why, then, the enemy would even now be submissive.

The enemy would, in fact, be without the means of carrying on the war in which he is now engaged and would be faced with the necessity of surrender. There is no getting away from that fact, because, as I have made quite clear, vegetable oils and copra are essential to the making of munitions, and we could have stopped those oils reaching Germany through Holland. More, we could have insisted on Holland sending her own fats here and not to Germany, or we could have cut off her own supplies. But the "Wait and See" Government were utterly unequal to such a decision, and so our sea-power has remained an unused asset. True, Mr. Asquith announced that they intended not to be bound by "juridical niceties," and that he would stop goods entering or leaving Germany. But what was the sequel? Merely this: that foodstuffs and war-stuffs continued to pour into Germany, and that, while our Press described the enemy as being desperately pressed for food, representatives of the Government themselves referred perpetually to the exigencies of international law and stressed the very "niceties" that Mr. Asquith so valorously defied. The blockade, in fact, became a farce: so hollow a farce that, if we take the figures for last February of exports from Holland to Germany, we find that, in nine cases out of ten, German imports have increased rather than diminished, compared with last year, while, when contrasted with those of 1914, the following is the result:—

In tons of 1,000 kilogrammes.	February, 1914.	February, 1915.
Potato flour and goods made from it	3,366	12,689
Cheese	1,010	6,299
Coffee	4,357	23,073
Sugar (raw beet)	347	11,277
Tea	123	786
Fish	5,923	9,502
Meat	925	9,710

So much for the efficacy of the "blockade." It is, in fact, as full of holes as a colander; but whereas that article retains only what is good in food, and lets the refuse strain off, our blockade reverses the process. Let me give a case in point. About a month ago the Foreign Office issued a statement to the Press in the following terms:—

"The extent to which the Dutch fishing fleet has been engaged in furnishing supplies to Germany has for some time past been engaging the serious attention of the British Government. It is well known that about 90 per cent. of the herrings and a considerable part of other fish caught by Dutch fishing vessels have been sold direct to German buyers."

The statement goes on to threaten the Dutch skippers with the right of capture, Prize Courts, and the rest of it—after nearly two years of war and an "implacable blockade"! Comment is unnecessary.*

Yet even these facts and figures leave the Government with apologists. Now that the Declaration of London has been repudiated, they say, the Government are free to act; free to carry out their *real* intentions and to begin the blockade thoroughly without let or hindrance. But has the Declaration been entirely repudiated?? I doubt it. For be it noted that, although the Declaration and various Orders in Council are abandoned, the following rules under the Order in Council are to be retained:—

"The hostile destination required for the condemnation of contraband articles shall be presumed to exist until the contrary is shown, if the goods are consigned to or for an enemy authority, or an agent of the enemy State, or to or for a person in territory belonging to or occupied by the enemy,

* One of the most amusing features of this ludicrous failure is that the same officials, who are for ever declaring the "success" of the blockade, are themselves perpetually proving its failure. Witness the following official statement:—

"Cases have been brought to the attention of the Board of Trade in which United States importers have, on receiving certain materials from this country, refused to sign guarantees that they will take precautions to prevent them from reaching the enemy.

"Exporters of such materials are now advised to include in their contracts with United States importers a condition that the necessary guarantees will not be withheld."

The very fact that this notice has been rendered necessary is an admission that goods are reaching the enemy, which a real blockade would stop.

or to or for a person, who during the present hostilities has forwarded contraband goods to an enemy authority, or an agent of the enemy State, or to or for a person in territory belonging to or occupied by the enemy, or if the goods are consigned 'to order,' or if the ship's papers do not show who is the real consignee of the goods."

So that the benevolent and disinterested neutral consignee is still free to receive the goods and to pass them on to Germany. It is true, of course, that in the case of Holland, he is circumscribed by the operations of the Netherlands Oversea Trust, who have given guarantees to our Government. But, as most of the directors of the said Trust are interested in German undertakings and are directors of German companies, I, for my part, do not attach overmuch importance to their pledges. I prefer the guarantee that we can enforce at any time by means of the British Fleet, her Admirals and sailors. We have but to free them from the trammels of the Foreign Office, from the red tape of officialdom, and from the pressure of the "unseen hand," and we can rest assured that not so much as a pinch of snuff will get through to the Teuton. Let us leave it to the Navy; the men who man our Fleet will soon settle the business for us, and with it they will end Germany's power of resistance. Cotton, iron ores, fats for glycerine, food and munitions, these need reach Germany no more by the seas. Thousands of lives will be spared. Untold treasure will be saved. To win the war we must free the Fleet—free it from the shackles of the lawyers and the bureaucrats. That way victory lies. If the nation will but unite in urging this demand upon the Government, then, depend upon it, they will respond to the call: they will give way—and so will Germany.

The Tragedy of Survival

By E. S. P. Haynes

It is safe to say that before the war death was regarded as the principal tragedy of life rather to the exclusion of pain and disease. The autobiography of Herbert Spencer represents a continuous effort to live as long as possible, and this is specially conspicuous in his closing pages. This ideal is even more uncompromisingly expressed in the works of Metchnikoff. Metchnikoff's ideal is essentially that of the quiet life, free from accident and disturbance. This ideal of the individual life to some extent affected our idea of the community, and to some it seemed that just as according to Metchnikoff the human body in old age was ultimately destroyed by phagocytes, so the community in its old age might ultimately be destroyed by bureaucrats. There was certainly a feeling that it was rather disreputable to die young; for early death was largely associated either with ill-health or with the results of a too adventurous disposition.

It was, therefore, all the more startling when, in spite of having grown up in this climate of opinion, the young men of our time—many of whom seemed little interested in public movements—suddenly faced the situation and cheerfully risked their lives for the cause of their country. Many of them were notoriously opposed to militarism in any form, and only went to the Front partly from a vague feeling of self-preserving solidarity and partly through revolt against the treatment of Belgium by the Germans. Many of them, again, had no conviction of personal immortality. They vindicated the philosophy of Omar Khayyám against the philosophy of St. Paul when he wrote that to eat, drink, and be merry showed nothing but a feeling of desperation at the thought that there was no resurrection. It did not occur to some believers that to eat, drink, and be merry is not the same thing as gluttony, drunkenness, and buffoonery.

Pomponazzi, in preaching the doctrine that virtue is its own reward, especially mentions the case of the brutes, among whom there exists in the parent an infallible instinct to die while preserving the life of the offspring, and therefore the species, in spite of having no belief in a future state. The whole problem has been very well stated by an American writer, now dead, in a book entitled "L'Ame Païenne":—

"Au fond, ils ne s'en émeuvent pas. Ils n'ont pas plus peur que les feuilles des arbres jaunissant dans les brouillards de l'automne. Un instinct impérissable les avertit que s'ils sont la feuille qui va tomber, ils sont aussi l'arbre sur lequel elle repoussera, et la terre qui les porte l'un et l'autre. . . .

"Nos sensations ne meurent pas, car elles ne sont pas en nous; c'est nous qui sommes en elles. Nous sommes les colonnes de poussière qui s'élèvent et tournoyent au carrefour des vents, et peu nous importe où la colonne s'abat, car les grains de sable sont incorruptibles et déjà le vent a repris sa course."

The war, however, has changed for the moment the whole atmosphere. The tragedy is now not so much to die as to survive. There are those who survive their children, grand-children, friends, and husbands, and there are those who survive the war in a state of permanent mutilation or disablement. In Paris there was recently an entertainment given at the Trocadero to 20,000 blind soldiers, and it is in itself a tragic fact that 14,000 of these men were married to women who had come forward to marry them by reason of their calamity.

Another aspect of the new tragedy is the question whether the survivors will not see a world vastly inferior to that from which the most vital and energetic men have been taken? The question now before us is whether we shall allow the world that will exist after the war to be worse than the world as it was before the war?

Probably we shall not throw overboard our ideas about the desirability of prolonging human life, for this is, after all, nothing more than an effort to reduce the element of waste in human life. On the other hand, more stress will undoubtedly be laid on the desirability of abolishing human pain and misery, and making life, such as it is, better worth living. From this point of view there will probably be an altered standard of values. It is difficult to suppose that the men who come back from the Front will think as rigidly as most English people do, or did, of what passes under

the name of euthanasia. They have seen the torment that is caused by certain wounds when no morphia is at hand. There was a particular case of a man who passed eight hours in the tortured convulsions of tetanus in the trenches. During all that time he implored those round him to shoot him and put an end to his misery, and most of them would certainly have done so but for being restrained by a pious officer who refused to allow this man any release from torture except on the assurance of a doctor, who could not be found, that the man could not possibly recover. It is difficult for an optimist to believe that such ideas as those in which the officer was educated will permanently survive this war.

Generally speaking, the new feeling that life is short and uncertain, which brings us so much nearer to the outlook of our ancestors than anything else could do, will probably prove a stimulant. If life is short and uncertain, then there is all the more reason to compress all we can into it. This quickened impulse of improving the world as we find it within the compass of the individual life will certainly accelerate the intolerance of taboos, which, although only half accepted by the community, enormously interfere with human progress and happiness. It is, for instance, difficult to suppose that after this war the problems of marriage and divorce and of certain diseases which have not been adequately dealt with for fear of pious prejudices will not be tackled in quite a different spirit by the surviving generation.

It is, perhaps, also not too optimistic to suppose that a tremendous collective effort will be made to minimise the chances of future wars. In so far as this war has been caused by the mere existence of a despotic monarchy, the mere existence of despotic monarchies is or ought to be jeopardised. In so far as this war has been caused by militarist propaganda in Germany, the propagandists must in future be treated as enemies of the human race. Those who preach universal tolerance have always rightly maintained that truth is great and will prevail, but the process by which it is made to prevail may be unduly expensive, and if ever force can be justly invoked, it is to suppress the doctrines of Bernhardi.

Another Seven Months!

By the Editor

THE Rump was in a hilarious mood when the questions of the Register and of the life of Parliament came up for discussion, so that the Prime Minister had no difficulty in foisting a "makeshift" register upon that tired assembly, and reconsolidating his position for another seven months. Only Sir Edward Carson protested. The lawyers, led by Sir John Simon, debated the matter over the heads of the majority as a purely technical issue; and when Mr. Bonar Law came out with the thrust that, unless they wanted to turn out the Government, extension was the only way, opposition subsided into languid acceptance, relieved only by a jocular allusion to Rehoboam, though what that primordial Jew has to do with British governance in the present war it would be perhaps unintelligent to inquire.

Anyhow, Mr. Asquith has dismissed his collegiate. It is holiday time. Unpleasant responsibilities can be packed up in M.P.'s kit-bags. Only the Rump can dissolve itself. Never mind the Register. We now enjoy Government on the short bill principle. And so with a grandiloquent statement from the Prime Minister as a sort of "bull's-eye" to those who hoped some manly declaration might be forthcoming in answer to the murder of Captain Fryatt—a threat, by the way, which no man knows better than Mr. Asquith is the merest verbiage—the most unrepresentative Parliament and Government in history rose for the recess, after a little turn of musical chairs at the last moment by way of "bettering" the positions of the Lords Crewe and Norton and Mr. Henderson, the former to serve as stop-gap to the demand for education, the latter to stay the restiveness of Labour in regard to the scandalous inadequacy of the administration of pensions. Any business done? Yes. The Cabinet took a decision and decided to get itself "filmed." By George! And then it changed its mind again.

But I had forgotten. St. Stephen's also distinguished itself. With touching comradeship Lord Haldane introduced Viscount Grey to the Peers. It must have been a moving scene. I would merely implore Mr. Asquith to remember that now that posterity is not to have an electric record of the indispensable twenty-three, that incident, at least, should be filmed to the appropriate music of (is it Schubert's song?) "*Kamaraden*," or perhaps to a Biblical threnody, "In death we are not divided."

If Mr. Asquith cannot make up his mind to commission the film, perhaps the "Follies" will submit a tender. I am sure it would "go" in America. Another highly profitable picture would be—the Committees. The Committee which has sat so long on food, for instance, obviously an unusually efficient and energetic collection, for the more it deliberates, the higher food prices rise. Then there is the Committee "Mesopotamia," "spliced" in advance, seeing that if it reports adversely it will thereby stigmatise the Prime Minister's eulogies of that ill- equipped expedition as the words of an amateur, and historically this likewise may be interesting. Again, there is the Committee which is to see how to present the work of the Paris Conference to the subsequent Committee which has to "dress" it for the Cabinet. All these Committee pictures might be staged to the banjo-esque melodies of that clever musician who splashes whitewash over his left eye, popularly known as the "White-eyed Kaffir." Or the War Minister teaching the Eisteddfod to sing, "We Welsh are not too late." And perhaps, if the "electric" is smart enough, it may induce Lord Haldane to reconstruct the historic luncheon with the German Emperor at Queen Anne's Gate, which, even minus the War Lord and the *Kaiser-sekt* or champagne conversation, would draw full houses; as music to which I would suggest: "Keep the Home Fires Burning"—for the absentee.

As party servility stands, as men think, quite obviously the Coalition will endure as long as the war endures, unless, as the Prime Minister slyly insinuates, "you want to turn us out" : a conjuncture which the Indispensables have taught the people to believe would be unpatriotic. In this deduction, Mr. Asquith is logical enough. If there is no

alternative, why protest; why pretend to be vexed at a makeshift register when it is the best a static Government intend to provide? Why object to the prolongation of the Rump when the only way to prevent its perpetuation is to destroy it? Why simulate discontent where acquiescence is the only policy—so long as men fool themselves with the belief that Mr. Asquith is the "only man"? I confess to no little sympathy with the Premier in his impatience at this hiccup insubordination on the part of the Rump, seeing that it is mere waste of time to provoke discussion in a Parliament which, having no mind to get rid of itself, has no use for anyone who does want to mend it. Moreover, Mr. Bonar Law, who has become an adept in kibbling the technical formulæ of indispensability, has recently explained to us the procedure of Government in a manner too refreshingly unconstitutional to be neglected. He analysed the position thus:—

"The talk of the size of the Cabinet would be all true if the Cabinet decided these questions about the war. They don't. There is a small War Council to which the Cabinet has given from the first a free hand. . . . What the Cabinet and the War Council are now doing is trying to give them what they want, to follow their advice, and to trust them to see carried out the plans they adopt."

So Mr. Bonar Law. As Mr. Swift MacNeill remarks (the *Times*, August 19th): the arrangement is a "contravention of the cardinal principle of Ministerial responsibility." The Cabinet are invested with a trust which, as trustees, they cannot delegate. In delegating their responsibilities to an Inner Council, which is irresponsible, they thereby surrender their understandings to the discretion of others. Thus not only is the manner of Government unconstitutional, but the plea of indispensability is *ipso facto* invalidated, the constitution of the Cabinet having neither reason nor purpose, except to give form to the "Inner Circle," which is responsible to nobody. No country in Europe has an oligarchy so absolute as this. I don't suppose many people know who are the members of the Inner Circle who have the "free hand." Yet it is precisely because of this irresponsible inner ring that we in England will do well to "look out."

Why? Let us again turn to Mr. Bonar Law. He said, "In a business company the main use of the chairman or board of directors is to get a good manager, and, having got him, to trust him"; and this phrase he used in explanation of the sleeping partner section of the Cabinet in its relation to the "good manager," or Inner Circle. Now, in addition to the Premier, Mr. McKenna and Viscount Grey compose what may be called the triumvirate of the ring; all of them proved utterly wrong about the Germans, and so the trusteeship of England before the war, all of them having shown again and again since 1914 their constitutional inability to understand war and its necessities, unless, and until, the goad of public pressure forces them to take issue on this or that question. No man will deny this. Yet this is the good manager Mr. Bonar Law asks us to trust absolutely, to obey unreasoningly according to Prussian military principle, whereas we know that not only are their talents for waging war conspicuous by their absence, but that they were elected to power for specifically pacifist purposes, and even with the idea of cutting down and abolishing the very machinery with which war is made.

Mr. Bonar Law admits that the object of the board is to find and appoint a good manager. Agreed. But not even the Cabinet appointed our war management. The board had nothing to do with its selection. Neither had the people. The ring appointed themselves, or, rather, Mr. Asquith nominated his own management, so that when Mr. Bonar Law tells us to trust the "good manager" on business principles, he convicts himself as a bad business man out of his own mouth.

But for popular clamour Lord Haldane would have been at the War Office, and so in the Inner Circle. We know what Mr. Asquith feels about him from his valedictory championship of the man who "felt uneasy about the Germans," and yet told us just before the war that never were our relations better. Mr. Asquith, Mr. McKenna, Viscount Grey are still the warm friends of Lord Haldane, who, out of office, seems to wield as much power as in office, nor need we look further for proof of this disconcerting symptom than in the astonishing circumstance of

Lord Grey's presentation to the Peers by the "thinker of battles" himself.

Viscount Grey, Head of British Foreign Affairs, thus deliberately chooses to show to the world his attachment to, and admiration for, the only Minister who knows German, in defiance of national opinion, as if by act of protest at that nobleman's exclusion from the "good management" of the war, which Mr. Bonar Law would have us trust implicitly. This dualism of Grey-Haldane, this trinity of Asquith-Grey-Haldane, is no freak of accident. For sure, Viscount Grey knows other Peers who might have introduced him equally well. But, no; as Lord Haldane inspired the Grey-Asquith Government before the war, so in the third year of war he inspires them still! The good management can find no man so admirable as Lord Haldane to present an ennobled member to the Upper House. "See," they say, "what we think! What does it matter what you think?" And so we have this position, that if Mr. Asquith is indispensable, behind him, Lord Haldane is even more indispensable. He is still the *spiritus rector* of our statecraft. He is still the "man behind the guns."

Do we realise this? Do we understand what this means, what this may mean when peace comes to be discussed? Do we know that Mr. Bonar Law's condition of good business management is the exact contrary to what actually exists; that instead of a management specially selected for war we still have the management deliberately chosen for peace: a management which, according to all its spoken words, was not only spiritually the friend of our enemy, but politically the believer in his association? There are men who speak of the "mystic hand," but in reality there is no mystery. At most we can speak of a "dark horse." Mr. Asquith would probably not even deny that he considers Lord Haldane's absence from the Government to be "deeply regrettable." Nay, he cannot deny it, otherwise his close friend, Viscount Grey, would not have asked Lord Haldane to lead him by the hand into St. Stephen's to the stupefaction of all Europe. The act was not only a policy, it signifies a philosophy. It shows that the Trinity regards itself as indispensable, that it intends to persist and

come back in its entirety; that, if we are not very careful, it will come back under the metaphysical presidentship of the *famulus* of the German Emperor.

The other day I received a letter from a man who wrote: "After all, why shouldn't Mr. Asquith and his Coalition remain in office to conclude peace?" To those who think like my correspondent I would say this: First, because up to the time of war they proved their incapacity to understand European politics; to see clearly; to estimate correctly; to know who was our foe and who was not. They are thus a bad management, the worst men to entrust with real conditions and affairs, as apart from the unreal ideas and aspirations of our pre-war idealism, for which to-day wholly irrelevant purpose they were elected. As a fact, they only have power from the mandate of an electorate which they no longer represent, which assuredly would by no chance of principle or pendulum re-elect them, which finally is itself anomalous and non-existent as the expression either of democracy or of national expediency. Their survival is thus the technical misfit of politics; in no sense is it national. Their continuance in office to-day may be compared with a management formed to run a butterfly-net company which unexpectedly finds itself compelled to make pianos instead, and continues to let down the business of turning out bad instruments by virtue of some clause in the articles of association whereby they cannot be dismissed. They persist because they hold all the shares, drew up their own contract, and are their own lawyers. They are because of what they were in the days when the butterfly-net business was a paying concern.*

So much for the selection of the management. What is its record since 1914? There is no need to rehearse the long list of failures and omissions; they are chronicled daily in the Press, and are almost the subject of standing ridicule. "Wait and see" needs no epitaph. Whatever has been done is the result of public pressure, out-

* But Mr. Asquith evidently felt a little uneasy about the "register," so he started a flirtation with the women, apparently with the object of frightening the men. It is interesting to find that Mrs. Pankhurst, in *Britannia*, August 18th, repudiates this political attempt to exploit the situation. Here, thus, is a woman giving the country a brave and noble example of civic honesty and impersonal patriotism.

cry, and criticism, from the days when Mr. Asquith condoned with Sir E. Speyer for the country's riddance of him to the latest feats of procrastination such as that which jockeyed Mr. Henderson into a Minister of Education, to "screw back" upon the Marquess of Crewe. Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, Serbia, Ireland, contraband, Simonism, Aliens—these are things the stains of which no committee can remove. Lord Haldane, who knew Germany and the nature of German armaments so well, ignored *our machine guns* when he was Minister of War; what wonder that later his disciples were short of shells! But to continue would be tiresome. It would necessitate an article to enumerate the failures of the Coalition. There is no responsibility and no control. Food rises in price, yet the "good management" does nothing, for the simple reason that, having started to run the war on the profligate principle instead of that of privation, it cannot, and dare not, to-day assume authority for fear of forfeiting the pleasure of that interest which battens on the rest, and which, so long as it is left unfettered, leans on the source of its progress. Thus coal goes up and up, and we pay. And freights rise to utterly scandalous proportions, and we pay, and will have to go on paying higher and higher in the absence of control, under that comfortable Ministerial system which permits "free trade" in war at the expense of the people for the benefit of those able to profit by it.*

That is the Asquith system—business as usual, to keep the country quiet. I fancy few men will deny that the Coalition have shown an almost incredible weakness, dilatoriness, and a temperamental incapacity to make up their minds, to lead, or take decisions. Thus both before the war and during the war the Asquith system—for that is what it comes to—has failed, failed in all the essentials of government in war, and at this hour its chief characteristic is indetermination. Instead of a good management, we have therefore a bad management. And not only that, but we find we have a management which has learnt nothing, which, in lieu of admitting its mistakes and seeking to remedy them, has the effrontery to accredit itself before the public under the ægis of Lord Haldane, who stands con-

* See, for instance, the report of the Committee of Public Accounts *re* Huts.

demned by all the facts of the war as a simpleton or an idiot. This is its apotheosis in the third year of the war. It is here that the Haldane-Grey-Asquith association gives rise to the gravest anxieties.*

Men so fantastically wrong in their judgments before 1914 are not likely suddenly to acquire sound judgment, not to mention statesmanlike prescience, which was never so important a quality in our direction as at this hour. I suppose never in our history has there been more urgent need of firmness and broadness of outlook, in a word, of government than at this juncture in the war, when we are faced with the certainty of a third winter campaign, and there is no military ground to anticipate that early peace † which is the quarterly prophecy of the war-novelists. Quite the contrary. Now, weak men naturally act weakly, just as men of poor judgment must be expected to draw wrong conclusions. Yet such is our position, and already the inevitable results of our weakness have become ominously apparent.

It was of the utmost importance that Britain, as the disinterested Power, should be the moral stay of the Alliance, should be the chairman, as it were, of the concord, should exercise that prominence of direction which, as the first sea Power, is her due. This natural moral right she is not asserting. The Asquith Government is not the spirit and inspiration of the Entente. Just as here "Wait and see" has to be prodded on, so in the councils of the Allies we are accessories rather than leaders. The Salonika delay is one example. Coal for Italy is another. Poland is a third. The economic question is a fourth. The Blockade is a fifth. As we are absolutely the decisive factor of victory, so we ought to assume that responsibility. Yet there is nothing surprising in this back-seat condition of ours. Mr. Asquith does not govern here; by what reason do we expect him to lead there? A Government which cannot make up its mind at home cannot be

* The attempt to appoint Mr. Holzapfel as Consul is an example of how much the Government have learnt.

† See Mr. Lloyd George's speech, August 22nd. Also that of Mr. Winston Churchill who, now that he is unemployed, has begun to speak like a statesman. May he so continue.

supposed to show firmness and initiative without. We have but to recall Mr. Asquith's Newcastle speech, denying that there was any shortage of shells, and his indictably feckless and irresponsible eulogy of the ill-equipped Mesopotamian expedition to form an opinion as to his capacity to lead a nation in war, or his assumption of indispensability to arrive at a true estimate of the man.

There are many who think that the war is virtually won, that this time the autumn will see the end, and so much is this the general view that we seem resigned to a sloppiness of attitude neither healthy nor wise, which has even infected the Press.* We avoid facing the facts. The war news is distorted day by day, raising premature hopes out of all proportion to the truth, whereas, so far as it is humanly possible to judge, the war, if we are to obtain our terms, demands every ounce of energy, forethought, and organisation that we can put into it. And what we have to bear in mind is that if the Asquith-Grey-Haldane management fails, both before war and in war, it will almost inevitably fail over peace, when only men of strength and vision and constructive resourcefulness can hope to succeed. This winter the assertion of Britain's lead will be more than ever necessary. Can we expect it under the present management? Can we expect Viscount Grey, the *alter ego* of Lord Haldane, to display that judgment and firmness in the direction of affairs that is so necessary with all the complex intricacies of nationality, interest, and statesmanship involved in the settlement and reconstruction before us? Can we imagine weak men securing a strong peace? If not, are we not singularly foolish in delegating such vast responsibility to these men? Consider: should they fail over peace, the fault will not be theirs, it will be *ours*, and we shall only have ourselves to blame for it, if at that hour of destiny we also think and act "too late."

* We are regaled with stories of Germans chained to their guns, &c. Ask any man at the Somme what he thinks of this tosh! We seem to get most of our war news to order. Why?

Memorial

urging the return of the

Rt. Hon. W. M. HUGHES

that he may take his due part in the management of the War, as a member of the Inner War Council of the Empire.

WE, the undersigned, call upon His Majesty's Government immediately to invite the Rt. Hon. W. M. Hughes to return to this country and accept a seat in the Inner War Council of the Empire.

We are inspired to this appeal for three reasons :—

FIRST, it seems to us that Mr. Hughes has shown in Australia that bold statesmanlike driving-force which is essential to government in war, and we are constrained to give expression to our deliberate opinion that this quality is still conspicuously lacking in the over-large and unwieldy Government which we have to-day, and which still contrives to govern on peace principles and methods to the serious disadvantage of this Nation and of the Allied Cause.

SECONDLY, we are convinced that more than any Public Man whom we can see at this juncture the Australian Prime Minister possesses that insight into the necessities of the times, that broadness of outlook freed from inner political traditions and perplexities, that quickness of thought and adaptability to change, and the consequent readiness of action; above all, that freshness and strength of will which fit him in a quite pre-eminent degree to take a leading part in the solution of the grave economic problems arising out of the war, and very particularly and immediately as the result of the Economic Conference of the Allies, the principles of which have merely been outlined on paper and, as we know, have been referred to a purely Academic Committee on which the Dominions are not even represented.

THIRDLY, we call for Mr. Hughes' recall because, in our opinion, it is his natural right, by virtue of his Imperial position, to take an active part in the Inner War Council. And this we urge because it seems to us that the inspiration of Mr. Hughes, his sage counsel, his very presence in London are of vital importance to that stern and constructive governance which is so greatly

needed, especially in that reconstruction—social, economic, and Imperial—which must come as the result of the present European upheaval if the unprecedented efforts that Great Britain has made are not to be in vain.

Mr. Hughes has proved his statesmanship. By common consent, from the speeches of Ministers and Public Men here, his value—one may say, the necessity of the man—has received unstinted testimony; we are also sure that he would gladly respond to the call.

The crisis of the war has been reached. Never at any time in our history has there been more urgent need of men of imagination and constructive statesmanship; never has the Empire more sorely needed the concentration of its brain and courage than at the present hour. Every day is of importance now. Every hour is full of possibilities of good or evil to the Imperial cause. As every decision may be fraught with fate, so every omission may be fatal.

In Mr. Hughes we see the spirit of the hour—a man of action. And we therefore press upon the public to demand his immediate return to these shores that we may have the benefit of his help, the wisdom of his counsel, and the fulness of his Imperial sense and responsibility. We call upon all men who think with us on this question to sign this Memorial and so to bring about the return of a force who, at this supreme moment in our Imperial life, should by all reason of Imperial unity and military necessity be an active leader in the nation's direction and in our common inspiration.

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Signatures should be sent to "The English Review." 17, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

Finance Magnificent

By Raymond Radclyffe

In the February issue of The English Review I pointed out how cleverly the Government keep the nation quiet by means of astounding bribes. Bribery is a nasty word. But how else can we describe the action of a Cabinet which, having involved the nation in one of the most stupendous wars the world has ever seen, lulls that nation to sleep by recklessly distributing five millions a day? Did I say five millions? Perhaps I have made a mistake. The figure may be six millions, for there seems to be some doubt in the minds of the Ministers as to whether the war is costing us five or six millions a day. Subservient critics who employ their time in declaring that we are governed in the best possible manner are careful to point out that we are not spending five millions a day, and that the figure of six millions includes advances to our Allies. This may be quite true; but it does not get away from the fact that six millions of securities of one sort and another are being printed. Soon after the war began there was a huge outcry against the large profits made out of the country by those who supply munitions of war—boots, shoes, coal, iron, steel, guns and shells, and it was decided that such profits should be taxed. But this tax is simply added on to the cost of the goods, and if we then spent 2,000 millions a day in munitions of war, we now spend more than 3,000 millions; another proof that the consumer always pays the tax. All the reports issued by limited companies show increased profits, and all of them state that, before striking their balance-sheets, due allowance has been made for the excess profits tax. The manufacturers laugh at the increase in taxation. It would make no difference to them whether the tax were 60 per cent. or 100 per cent.

Bankers have also done well out of the war, and in the two years of war the deposits of twenty-eight banks have risen 24 per cent. The cash at these banks at June 30th, 1914, was just over 132½ millions. In two years it had

risen to over 205¼ millions. Their investments had risen from 150½ millions to nearly 328¼ millions, and the balance-sheet totals of the twenty-eight banks had jumped from 990¼ millions to over 1,208¼ millions. Thus we see that war has proved a profitable business for the banking community. Nevertheless, bankers and others who lock up their reserves in investments are grumbling at the fall in the prices of securities, and this has disturbed our unfortunate Chancellor. Consequently, he has evolved a most ingenious scheme. He has taken about 600 millions of gilt-edged stocks, of which a list has been published in all the papers, and he has asked holders of these stocks, who are mostly bankers, finance institutions, and very wealthy people, to loan them to him for a period of five years. In consideration for this loan the lender is to get ½ per cent. in addition to the interest which he obtains on the stock itself. Also, in the event of the Government desiring to sell the security, he is to receive a bonus of 5 per cent. on the market value of the stock on August 16th. As in all human probability at the end of five years the bulk of these securities will have considerably depreciated, it is a case for the lender of "Heads I win, tails you lose." He cannot possibly go wrong in loaning his securities to the Government, for his income is increased without any risk to himself, and if he is forced to sell, he is at any rate forced to sell at a higher price than that now ruling—a position which we should all of us like to occupy.

But this is not all. When the lender hands his securities over to the Government he will be given a deposit receipt stating in exact terms what securities the Government holds on his behalf. These deposit securities are practically as good as scrip, for they are to be negotiable on the Stock Exchange, and they are available for loans. This is a really beautiful method of making money. John Jones has £1,000 invested at 5 per cent. with the Japanese Government. Presumably, he is quite satisfied with his security, and thinks 5 per cent. a reasonable interest. But the Government say: "No, why should you be satisfied with 5 per cent.? We will give you 5½ per cent. And not only that, but, although we are going to take over your security, we will still give you the right to borrow on it." So that John Jones' investment is promptly doubled. He has

loaned the Government £1,000 of securities, but he can borrow on the deposit from his bank, whilst the Government is also borrowing on John Jones' original scrip. Such is modern finance! We are assured by the Chancellor that he has no intention of selling the securities. But that must depend upon circumstances. At the present moment the war looks to be going well. But wars are uncertain things. We may have set-backs. Probably we shall. Then our credit, which is good to-day, may suffer. It seems difficult to believe that a nation can spend 2,000 millions a year without suffering in credit. Exchanges may go against us to such an extent that it will be necessary to sell the securities outright.

I submit that this latest method of watering our National Capital—which goes under the name of "B" scheme—is but another piece of gross extravagance on the part of the Government. Apparently, it will cost the rate-payer about eighteen millions of money. It is hardly likely to cost less.

But we are not at the end of our spending of money. It is not sufficient that we are distributing six millions a day in paper, whether in the form of advances to Allies, Treasury Bills, Exchequer Bonds, War Saving Certificates, or Currency Notes. The faithful newspaper scribes who herald all Government schemes are now coming forward with more money-spending contrivances. Sir Chiozza Money, who must certainly be in the confidence of the Ministry, and who has been honoured by them with a title, believes that the best cure for delirium tremens is a bottle of brandy. So he suggests that we should establish a great housing scheme and abolish all slums. On this we are to spend the paltry sum of 200 millions. The houses are to be fitted with cheap electricity, which will cost a mere 500 millions. That is to keep those who dwell in the towns quiet. But the country people want something, so they are to be given beautiful woods and forests at a cost of 120 millions, and in order that those who live in the towns shall be able to get quickly into the heart of the forests, 100 millions is to be spent on remodelling and improving our railway system, and as there are still a few people who like canals, a paltry 80 millions is to be spent upon improving them. The total of this little bill is only 1,000

millions, and, as Sir Chiozza Money expresses it, "It is not suggested as a complete list, but it will do to go on with." Another financial expert, also with great influence in the Government, Mr. Sidney Webb, publishes a book entitled "How to Pay for the War." His idea of how the war shall be paid for is to develop the Post Office by abolishing the bankers. The Post Office is to deliver goods for all shopkeepers and collect the money for them. It is to distribute newspapers, control foreign exchanges, and practically do all the financial work now so ably done by the City of London. In addition to carrying our letters, the Post Office will abolish the merchant banker and the Joint Stock Bank, at a cost which is not clearly defined. We are also, according to Mr. Webb, to buy up the whole of the railways and canals of Great Britain at an expense of about 1,200 millions. As railways need coal, we are to purchase all the collieries in the kingdom for the trifling figure of 330 millions. Our insurance companies, now managed with meticulous care, have accumulated an enormous hoard of investments; these investments, amounting to about 550 millions, are to be taken over, and the policies are in future to be guaranteed by the Government. All these little schemes may cost anything between 3,000 and 5,000 millions.

I ask with some seriousness, are we quite mad? There is, of course, method in the madness of the Government. It has seen how, by a lavish distribution of paper, it can keep a nation quiet, and it thinks that if it goes on distributing wealth in this manner it will be able to keep in office for the rest of its natural life. Indeed, who would turn out a Government that proposed, when peace comes, to go on spending even more money than it did whilst carrying on the greatest war the world has ever seen! The 600 million securities which are to be taken over from the rich are a fleabite compared with the magnificent dreams of Sir Chiozza Money and Mr. Sidney Webb.

The wealth of Great Britain may be fifteen to twenty thousand millions. It is to be mobilised and distributed. The wastrel, the idler, the incompetent are to be given each their share of the fruits of a century of savings. The millennium is to follow the war.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE DECLINE OF LIBERTY IN ENGLAND. By E. S. P. HAYNES. Grant Richards, Ltd. 6*s*. net.

This is a stimulating book, at once discursive and controversial, the work of an Individualist, half-Pagan, half-Catholic, half-Positivist; nor would it have been written but for the "Servile State" by Mr. Belloc and his co-religionist, Cecil Chesterton. Perhaps its charm lies in its ambiguity, its apparent contradictoriness, for at times the author seems to be tending towards Catholicism, and then he appears as a Positivist, though probably himself unaware of it. However, here is the real John Bull with his passion for Liberty, his religion of freedom, his inability to see life except through the Law, while all the time chafing at its rigidities. And withal he recognises the State as above the Individual. He stands for the intellectual view of life. He roars at the servile state of proletarian Capitalism, and he has even a brief for homosexuality. Mr. Haynes is a rational anarchist, or shall we say an anarchistic rationalist? It is not a bad configuration, and when he lets fly he is good reading, pleasingly fermentative, ardently cynical, almost religiously personal. He dislikes virginity, he disdains fidelity. Altogether a stimulant, for Mr. Haynes is a palpable man.

FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY. By J. MIDDLETON MURRY. Martin Secker. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

In this, the latest addition to the publisher's admirable series of critical studies, the author gives us a book of great and permanent worth. Howsoever devoted he is to Dostoevsky—the "most Russian of Russians"—he never allows his devotion to mar his estimate of the man and his work. Dostoevsky differs vitally from his predecessors and his successors, both in mind and matter. As Mr. Murry truly says: "Our old methods and standards are useless to elucidate and to measure Dostoevsky, not because he is greater than the heroes of art who went before him, but because he is profoundly different." Probably that is the reason why it has taken the author of "The Idiot" some

thirty years to obtain an English-speaking public. How little concerned he was with form and construction and style is given in his own words: "I have my own idea about art, and it is this: What most people regard as fantastic and lacking in universality, I hold to be the inmost essence of truth. Arid observation and everyday trivialities I have long ceased to regard as realism—it is quite the reverse. In any newspaper one takes up, one comes across reports of wholly authentic facts which strike one as extraordinary. Our writers regard them as fantastic, and take no account of them; and yet they are the truth, for they are facts. . . ." It is not a matter for surprise that Tolstoi, while admiring "Injured and Insulted"—one of the only two books of Dostoevsky's he read—as a work of the heart, wrote: "I have no need to envy him. He had no style, no artistic accomplishment, no intellect. . . ." From first to last "Fyodor Dostoevsky" is a noble performance, and one of enduring value.

FICTION

THE LUCK OF THE STRONG. By WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON. Eveleigh Nash. 6*s*.

Here is a volume of sea tales of sorts, many of which have appeared in the pages of popular magazines. That fact, doubtless, accounts for their lurid thrills and faked situations, also for much of their pseudo-mysticism. In their first home we do not question that they served their purpose well, and were read at the hour before bedtime in tame suburban homes. But it must not be supposed that this collection of stories—each of which could be reduced to half its length—is entirely without merit; Mr. Hodgson possesses inventive qualities and a glib pen—so glib that he leaves nothing unsaid. Moreover, he has to remember that the next best thing to creating a dramatic situation is to find a logical way out of it. No doubt Mr. Hodgson has a large following among such book-buyers as do not reason the printed psychology and sensation.

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